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UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—DR. JOHNSON.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

THE abolition of a hitherto customary embellishment of our Magazine necessarily calls for some explanation, and, perhaps, for some persuasion, to produce acquiescence in the minds of our readers. The general question, on opening the present number, will doubtless be "Where is the Portrait?"—and to meet that general question is the object of this address.

The first and prevailing motive which led to this abrogation was a sincere and candid wish to benefit our subscribers: and the manner in which this benefit will be conferred is twofold: ECONOMY *and* PLEASURE.

The great increase of expense which, since the first publication of our New Series, has arisen in paper, in printing, and in other incidental particulars, might have been urged, long ago, as a reasonable plea for advancing the charge upon each number: but, while the majority of our contemporaries availed themselves of this, we remained stationary. There is, however, a limit to indulgence, beyond which human prudence forbids us to proceed. We thought for our subscribers as long, and longer, perhaps, than personal interest could strictly warrant: but the recent rapid increase in the price of paper impelled us to the necessary duty of seeing that we did not cater for the public with palpable detriment to ourselves. We felt that it would be IMPOSSIBLE *to proceed as we had hitherto proceeded: and that we should be compelled to augment the price of our Magazine. It was with reluctance, however, that we even thought of such a step: and we were anxious to devise other means, by which we might at once consult the mutual interests of ourselves and our subscribers. To effect this we saw no way that so readily appeared to answer the purpose, as the abolition of the least* useful *part of the Magazine—the* PORTRAIT.

Had the matter rested here, our subscribers, equitably judging, would have had but little reason to complain; for the Universal Magazine, with the Portrait, *gave more matter in the body of the work than any other contemporary periodical publication.*

The bare loss, however, of any thing which we have been accustomed to possess, seldom produces sensations of pleasure: and, to leave no room for rational regret, *we resolved to indemnify the mind at the expense of the eye. In lieu of the portrait, therefore, we have made such arrangements as will enable us to give an additional half sheet of letter press, which half sheet will be added to the miscellaneous department.*

By doing this we have opened a permanent source of rational delight to every reader of the Universal Magazine: we shall be enabled to amplify the opportunities for amusement and instruction: to give more prompt insertion to the favours of our correspondents: to enlarge or abridge, as circumstances may demand, the "Theatrical Recorder," and the "Original Criticism;" and finally, to give, consistently with due variety, entire insertion to articles of acknowledged interest, utility, or amusement.

We also remove the suspicion, if any such could exist, that considerations of mere parsimony have had any influence in our determinations; for we have only substituted one expense for another: and we have ventured upon this, in the confident hope that we shall advance additional claims to the patronage of the public.

We do not affect to despise emolument. It is worse than idle, for men engaged in temporal traffic, to talk of indifference for gain, and pretend to consider their own personal interest as nothing, compared to the wish they have of serving the public. It may be received as an axiom, that he who serves the public, expects the public to serve him in return. But as we know that fame and reward, in literature, are bestowed with more than usual equity, so no man has a right to expect them till he deserves them.

If any pledge, however, were needed of the sincerity of our wishes to procure the approbation of our subscribers, that pledge may be found in our past endeavours: we have exceeded the tenor of our engagement with them: for, in our original prospectus, we stipulated to give only occasional embellishments: *this was a word of wide import, and might have been used at discretion; but twice only, in the course of fifty-five numbers, have we availed ourselves of this conditional promise: and even then we gave other engravings, when the portraits were omitted. Let this subdue the caviller.*

We could willingly hope, however, that less than what has been here said would have been sufficient to produce a willing acquiescence to the present measure. The pleasure of an engraving is but the pleasure of a moment: the value of a portrait depends upon its fidelity; deprive it of that, and it is worthless; and who can answer for the fidelity of successive transmission? Besides, in this age of pictured embellishment, when not an ode or an elegy can come forth without the aid of extrinsic ornament, the importance of such ornament is necessarily diminished. And who would, for a moment, put in competition with the transitory gratification of looking at a plate, the higher, the nobler, the more lasting one of the mind? The one is the gratification of a child: the other, the delight of a rational being: and we trust, that the nature of our increased *literary communications, will well repay the loss of an engraving.*

After all, if any of our readers can engage to point out, each month, a truly great, or even a secondary great character, we will consent to have his head engraved for their benefit; but if this cannot be done, who will be the advocate for advancing temporary notoriety to the permanent honour of the pencil?

Devouring what he saw ——
He, with an empty *picture*, fed his mind.
DRYDEN.

London, July 21, 1808.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Is MILTON *a* PLAGIARY, *or an* IMITATOR *of* MASENIUS?

Sir,

JAMES Masenius, a Latin poet and a German Jesuit, has become celebrated, from the pretended conformity of his poem, intitled *Sarcotis*, with the Paradise Lost of Milton: and it has even been attempted to pronounce the latter a plagiary of the former. Perhaps too much has been said about a few vague and indefinite points of resemblance between two authors, who have both written upon a similar subject. The plagiarism appears to me to be a chimera; the imitation even is not sufficiently proved; it may even be doubted whether Milton, living in London, knew any thing about the Latin verses which a jesuit professor had composed at Cologne for the use of his scholars, and the idea of comparing the immortal poem of Milton with the obscure work of Masenius is preposterous.

I do not, indeed, wish to deny that the poem of Masenius contains some fine verses and some powerful descriptions: but there is a general bad taste which prevails throughout: it is not interesting; all his moral and allegorical personages neither satisfy the mind, nor please the imagination: his fictions smell of the college, and have nothing rich or striking about them. The partisans, even of Masenius, (for he has partisans) are obliged to confess after him, that he has less attempted to write an epic poem, than to collect a series of examples adapted to the lessons contained in his *Poetique*, another work intended

for the use of his scholars. The *Sarcotis* of Masenius has been translated into French by the Abbè Dinouart.

Both the poem and the translation were admitted, in 1757, into Barbou's collection of Latin authors, and it is no small honour for the *Sarcotis* to be found in such good company. In 1771, the same Barbou gave a new edition, which also forms a part of the collection: in this are to be found all the different pieces which have any connection either with regard to the plagiarism or the imitation of Milton; also the *Poetique* of Masenius, and a second poem of this jesuit, which is the *eloge* of Charles V. This last poem was translated into French, in 1773, by Ansart, a Benedictine of the congregation of St. Maur.

It is a panegyric: but it would have been more interesting had it been a portrait. It is vague, prolix, and tedious. The translation is not without elegance and dignity: but, in a few places, from a wish to be too concise, the translator has deviated not only from the sense of the author, but also from historical exactitude. For example: the poet says, in speaking of his hero,

Cui Rhenus amorem
Debet et obsequium, Bœtis famulantibus undis
Subjacet, Eridanus pronas substernit arenas
Formidat Rhodanus, Scaldis prostratus adorat.

Ansart translated this passage thus:

"Le Rhin, le Gualdaquiver, le Po, le Rhône, l'Escaut, virent les pays qu'ils arrosent, hereux sous votre domination."

But Masenius distinguishes the different rivers or the countries through which they flow, by different expressions, according to the relations which these countries had with Charles V.; and the translator has confounded all these shades, or rather he has omitted them all for the sake of brevity. From this omission arises sometimes a directly opposite meaning: for instance,

Formidat Rhonus

is not meant to convey the idea of a country happy under the domination of Charles V.: for, in fact, this country was not under his dominion, and it was very unfortunate for it, when this prince made an irruption into Provence in 1536, and which is implied by the expression

Formidat Rhodanus.

It was therefore necessary, that the distinguishing expression should have been retained to each of these rivers, as originally applied by the poet.

If you think these desultory observations worth the notice of your readers, they are much at your service, and

Liverpool, I remain, Sir, &c.
July 9, 1808. C. K.

The Praise *of* Silence.

Sir,

FOLLY, and even *Fever*, have been the subject of eulogies, and why not *Silence*? Besides, there is this difference; that those were but sportive, while the praise of silence might aspire to moral importance.

Silence was a deity among the Egyptians, and was called Harpocrates; he is known by having his finger on his month, as if to forbid garrulity: he has had wings since, like Love, to mark the secrecy which lovers should preserve; and lastly, the attributes of Esculapius, because the disciples of medicine should be silent and reserved. But what surprises me, is, that this God is often represented under the figure of an infant. Surely that is not the age of discretion.

It is not, however, with this sort of silence that I have to do at present; but with that which by mute enunciation speaks more powerfully than words, and which eloquence often employs with sublimity. The silence of forests, so elevated an object in the Gaulish religion, and of which Lucan has made such use, has served also for an ancient French poet, who says that love has sown there a thousand and ten thousand ideas, which lovers are always employed in collecting. Quinault says,

"Jusq'au silence même, tout me parle de ce que j'aime;"

and Tasso has also said in his *Aminta*,

Et *silenzio* ancor suole
Aver prieghi e parole.

Nothing expresses a refusal better than silence, as the following will prove. An ambassador from the city of Abdera (according to Plutarch) harangued, at great length, Agis, king of Sparta, in favour of his fellow citizens.—Well, Sire! what answer do you wish that I should make them?—*That I have suffered you to say all that you wish, and as much as you wish, without saying a word myself.*

If I may be allowed to quote a romance, the celebrity of the *Princesse de Clèves* will be my excuse. M. de Nemours approaches to Madame du Clèves,—he does not say a word, and she turns briskly round, and exclaims, *Eh! mon dieu, monsieur, laissez moi en repos!*

The *quos ego* of Neptune, in Virgil, is not silence, but retention. This God is ready to menace Eolus, who, without his order, has raised a tempest against Æneas, at the prayer of Juno: but Neptune is a god too powerful to descend to menaces, and a blow of his trident effects the execution of his orders.

The *Marcellus eris*, forced from the tears of the wife of Augustus, is a similar instance of retention in language very superior to words.

What foreign cohort is that which enters the city with the air of a sovereign?—they are the English. Paris has become their capital: Henry V. has married the legitimate heiress: they traverse the whole city, and pass under the windows of Isabel of Bavaria, who is waiting for them to enjoy their thanks and their gratitude. But what is her surprise? they preserve a mournful silence, and do not deign even to look towards the windows! Can there be a more striking picture? Was it to be expected? Is this a day of festivity? The air ought to ring with shouts and acclamations: but no: indignation and contempt are more powerful than triumph. Such was the power of silence: it expresses more than all that has ever been written against this worthless queen.

Were not her obsequies, too, a moral lesson? She died at Paris in the year 1435, having hardly wherewith to subsist on: her body was carried from the hotel de St. Paul to St. Denis, in a small boat, with only four attendants! In Paris they scarcely knew where she lived, *so little was she thought of*, says the journal of Charles VII.

The silence of Ajax is well known in the eleventh book of the Odyssey. It is known what indignation he felt when the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses. Ulysses meets him in hell: he was alone, separated from the other shades, and appeared to be as indignant as when he was in the world, of the injustice that had been done him. Ulysses accosts him, says the most flattering things, recals to him all his glory, &c. and the poet, who felt that it was impossible to convey by words the feelings that must have agitated the soul of Ajax, has recourse to silence: Ajax makes no reply. Thus also Timanthes veiled the face of Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

But what moment more fit, than the interview between Dido and Eneas in the infernal regions, and in which I cannot but think Virgil superior to Homer.

Ulysses leaves Ajax in his silence, and discourses with other shades. The silence of Ajax produces nothing: but let us behold Virgil. Dido slew herself; she meets Eneas in hell, and thus he addresses her:

Inter quas Phenissa recens a vulnere Dido
Errabat sylvâ in magnâ; quam troïus heros
Ut primùm juxta stetit, agnovitque per umbram
Obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubile lunam,
Demisit lacrymas, dulcique affatus amore est:
Infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo
Venerat extinctam, ferroque extrema secutam.
Funeris heu tibi causa fui? per sidera juro,
Per superos, et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,
Invitus, regina, tuo de littore cessi.
Sed me jussa Deûm, quæ nunc has ire per umbras, &c.

* * * * *

Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro.
Quem fugis? extremum fato quod te alloquor, hoc est.
Talibus Eneas, ardentem et torva tuentem
Lenibat dictis animum, lacrymasque ciebat.
Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat:

Tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
In nemus umbriferum: conjux ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis, æquatque Sichæus amorem.

It is related that a man of genius, reading the above beautiful passage for the first time, closed the book suddenly, and endeavoured whether it was not possible for him to put into the mouth of Dido a reply suitable to her situation: and, after having composed a certain number of verses, the most beautiful that he could, he opened the volume, to measure lances with Virgil, and found that the sole reply of Dido was—silence and indignation!

In this passage from Virgil, how obvious is the difference between the two poets. I feel, anew, all my grief awakened for Dido! If Virgil took the idea from Homer, certainly he is not his imitator. For what purpose did Ulysses descend into the infernal regions? To consult Tiresias there. Eneas, on the contrary, went there to seek for his father, and to behold pass before him, that noble line of his descendants, which recalls to our minds the recollection of the whole Roman history.

A fine passage of Homer, and which appears to me to be too little felt and acknowledged, is when all the gods are assembled in Olympus, each with his attributes, and seem to surround Jupiter to win his favour: one, for the Trojans; one, for the Greeks; all the universe is in motion: the heavens filled with divinities, and the earth covered with soldiers: Jupiter hears, and afterwards dismisses this multitude of immortals: the uproar of their departure completes the astonishment which is excited: what does Achilles do then? What does Homer oppose to this general fermentation of nature? He makes us behold Achilles alone in his tent, and whose inactivity has an influence on all these great events!

I have met with a dissertation of M. Grossley, upon a verse of Virgil, which has furnished him with an opportunity of saying something upon *silence*. Thus you see, Sir, I omit nothing which can at all advance my purpose.

It is in the 11th book of the Eneid: Lavinia, enclosed in the city of Larentium, which Eneas besieges, goes, in the train of the queen her mother, to the temple of Pallas, to implore against Eneas in favour of Turnus:

Juxtâque comes Lavinia virgo,
Causa mali tanti, oculos dejecta decoros.

M. Grossley imagines that this hiatus, far from being a fault, is even a beauty. The hiatus which stops the reader, by the concurrence of two vowels, is a master stroke, by which is depicted the suspension which the sight of the princess must occasion, and to interest in favour of whichever she should offer up her vows for, Eneas or Turnus.

The same author mentions a second hiatus: it is in the ninth book of the Eneid:

Hanc sine me spem ferre tui: audentior ibo.

And he explains it, by saying that Eurialus, in making this prayer to Ascanius for him to take care of his mother, if he should fall in his enterprise, exhibits by this hiatus his trouble, and eagerness, to speak. But is this an excuse for the hiatus? is it, in fact, a beauty?

I shall finish this essay by mentioning an example from the divine writings of silence: our Saviour before Pilate. Imagine all that a celestial being, though invested with the human form, might have answered, when asked *Quid est veritas?*—What is truth? He was about to disappear from earth: was not this therefore the moment to explain himself? No: he was silent: it was thus that he replied to the vain and bold curiosity of a vain and indifferent prince.

Surely I have written enough upon this subject, and I shall conclude with a final reflection, viz. that in all my enquiries upon this subject, in all my endeavours to fortify myself with authorities, I have been much surprised that in no author upon *rhetoric*, in no author who has written upon *tropes* and *figures*, and upon whatever is subsidiary to eloquence have I found any

thing upon this subject in particular. Quinctilian, Fenelon, P. Bouhours, Gibert, Jouvenei, Poree, P. le Santé, le P. Brumoi, Blair, Kaimes, &c. sometimes remark upon the beauty which arises from *silence*, but only *en passant*; and I therefore thought that this subject might be considered without any fear of treading in a beaten track. In fact, silence is less a figure of rhetoric than an offspring of taste; and taste has no rules. It is an instinct of reason, which, like the instinct of nature, is never wrong.

July 17, 1808. M. P. H.

REMARKS *on an* EXTRACT *from Dr.* ROBERTSON'S HISTORY *of* SCOTLAND.

Sir,

SHOULD you deem the following extract and remarks worthy of a place in the next or any subsequent number of your valuable miscellany, they are forwarded for the purpose of insertion. J. C.

Somerset, 20th July, 1808.

"Among the most remarkable of those who had engrossed the king's attention, were Cochran a mason, Hommil a taylor, Leonard a smith, Rogers a musician, and Torfifan a fencing-master. So despicable a retinue discovers the capriciousness of James's character, and accounts for the indignation of the nobles, when they beheld the favor due to them, bestowed on such unworthy objects."

Vide Robertson's Hist. Scot. p. 260. 16 *Ed.*

However liberal and just the learned historian's conclusions may generally be, I cannot but think that the above is glaringly illiberal and absurd: since it endeavours to establish as an axiom, that the *favor* of kings is *due* to nobles, whether they are really deserving of that *favor* or not. The countenance and protection of monarchs are only due to men possessing the most unbounded integrity, the sincerest love for their country, the best abilities, and the most undaunted courage.

But can it be shewn wherein it affected the interests, or what difference it made to the *people* of Scotland, whether King James took into his favor Cochran a mason, or Angus a noble? According to my conceptions, it could only possibly interfere with them as he adopted to his favor, or promoted the interests, of men, of good and wise, or bad and weak conduct. Hence, it appears that the chief question for them to decide on was, which is the best and wisest man, Cochran or Angus? Perhaps neither. Well, admit that both are weak and vicious: will it be contended that his majesty acted wrong by preferring Cochran to Angus? Surely it cannot. He only did wrong by selecting for his companion and confident *any* man of vicious habits and contemptible abilities. How then can the learned historian be justified in stating that "so despicable a retinue* discovers the capriciousness of James?" Since it is, or *ought* to be, well known, that no man is the more despicable for being a mason, nor the less so for being a noble. A mason is by no rule of fitness entitled to *blame*, nor a noble to praise, merely because the one is a mason, and the other a noble. They are both only entitled to blame or praise, as they behave themselves well or ill, properly or improperly. *Neither* ought to be taken into *royal favor* until there be at least presumptive proof of their evincing an eager desire for their country's welfare, and have abilities and rectitude to act accordingly.

Squirrels for nuts contend,—and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.
What odds?—to us 'tis all the self same thing,
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

J. C.

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* The learned historian, in order to have confirmed his position, should have entered into the *characters* of this "despicable retinue," and set forth the superiority of the nobles touching that particular. But here all is darkness and uncertainty.

An ESSAY *on the* ITALIAN DRAMA.

[*Concluded from Vol.* IX. *p.* 487.]

IT is in vain we look in this piece for any of the fine displays of character and tender and pathetic sentiments with which the play of Euripides abounds, or even for the spirited dialogue of Æschylus. Eteocles is drawn, throughout, unfeeling and unnatural, with none of those alleviating circumstances that, in Euripides, throw a veil over his iniquity, and plead so strongly in his favour. In the latter we see a young mind giving way to the powerful suggestions of ambition, and keenly alive to the honour of his native land, whose reputation would suffer, were he to yield to his brother at the head of a foreign force. He entertains, however, no unnatural sentiments against his brother, and his enmity extends not beyond the collision of their interests. How glowingly is his ambition pourtrayed by the Grecian bard:

Αςεων αιτελθοιμι' ἡλιω προς ανατολας,
Και γης ενερθεν, δυνατος αν δρασαι ταδε,
Την θειαν μεγιςην ωςτ' εχειν τυραννιδα.—
Προς ταυτ, ιτω μοι πυρ, ιτω δε φασγανα,
Ζευγνυσθε δ' ἱπποι, πεδια πεπλασθ' αιματων,
Ὡς ιι παρασω τωδ' ἑμην τυραννιδα.
Ει περ γαρ αδικειν χρη, τυραννιδος περι
Καλλιςον αδικειν. ταλλα δ' ευσεβειν χρεων.

In Alfieri, the hatred Eteocles bears to Polinices is so strong and so unnatural, that, after having in vain attempted his life, and having received himself a mortal blow in the struggle, while Polinices deplores with all the sincerity of repentant grief the cruel necessity which occasioned the fatal deed, and solicits from his dying brother a farewel embrace, he, with monstrous perfidy, invites him to his arms, at the same moment plunges a dagger in his bosom, and dies exulting in the final triumph of his perfidy. I shall extract the passage:

Pol. Il tuo seggio
Mai non terrò, di nuovo io'l guiro; ah! scendi
Placato a Stige. Andrai del regio serto
Fra le avite sceltrate ombre fastoso;
Me reverente in atto ombra minore
Vedrai fratello suddito.—Gli ardenti
Spirti alquanto racqueta: a' piedi tuoi
Me vedi: il Signor mio tu sei pur sempre.
Sol del perdono, anzi che a morte io corra
Tibconguiro.
Et. ——— Sta ben; mi arrendo
Vieni dunque, O fratello, infra le braccia
Del moribondo tuo fratel, che uccidi—
Vieni,—e ricevi in quest' ultimo amplesso
Fratel,—da me—la meritata morte—
(Fingendo abbravailo con uno stile lo trafigge)
Son vendicate —Io moro;
E ancor ti abono.
Pol. Io moro; e a te perdono.

To me this appears shocking, and I think must appear in the same light to any audience of common sensibility.

Giocasta scarcely ever leaves the stage, and one might naturally expect the highest pathos from a mother in her situation. She is continually, indeed, dwelling upon the misfortunes of her house, and of the horrid enormities she had witnessed, and was still doomed to witness; but by no natural expression of sentiment has the poet contrived to interest us in her behalf. The following extract, however, is highly pathetic:—Eteocles has just been brought before her mortally wounded; and the sight of Polinices, the author of the deed, naturally causes her indignation. Polinices tells her that he did not wish to return to her presence in life, so great an abhorrence did he entertain for the deed he had committed, but that he had been disarmed and prevented from turning his own weapon against himself, and brought there against his will.—She thus interrupts him:

Ah! cessa omai
D'Intorbidar nostri ultimi momenti —
Eteocle;—non m'odi?—Oh!—non ravvisi
Quella che al sen ti stringe?—è la tua madre;
Et è il suo caldo lagrimar, che misto
Senti col sangue tuo rigarte il volto,
E lo squarciato petto.—Or, deh! riapri
Una fiata i lumi ancora.

The following passage in the mouth of Giocasta is of the highest sublime. She utters it when both her sons are extended dead at her feet, and when her mind was worked up to the highest state of frenzy:

Di morte i negri
Regni profondi spalancarsi io veggio—
Ombra di Lais lurida, le braccia
A me tu spogri? a scellerata moglie?—
Ma che miro? squarciato il petto mostri?

E d' atro sangue e mani e volto intriso,
Gridi vendetta, e piangi?—Oh! chi l'orrenda
Piaga ti fe? Chi fu quell' empio?—Edippo
Fu; quel tuo figlio, che in tuo letto accolsi
Fumante ancor del tuo versato sangue.—
Ma, chi altronde mi appella? Un fragor odo,
Che inorridir fa Dite: ecco di brandi
Suonar guerriero.—O figli del mio figlio,
O figli miei, feroci ombre, fratelli,
Duran gli sdegni oltre la morte? O Laïs,
Deh! dividili tu —Ma al fianco loro
Stan l'Eumenidi infami!—Ultrice Aletto,
Io son lor madre; in me il reipereo torci
Flagel sanguigno! è questo il fianco, è questo,
Che urcestus so a tai mostri diè vita.
Furia, che tardi?—Io mi t'avvento.

In this play the cup of horrors is filled to the very brim. The unnatural connection between Œdippus and his mother is dwelt upon, is repeated again and again to a degree of nausea. A selection of instances is almost unnecessary.

" A te purvila
L'incesto die; ————————
D'Edippo io moglie, e in un di Edippo madre,
Inorridir di madre al nome io soglio."

" Che più? mi udranno,
Se mi vi sforzan pur, lo infame loro
Nascimento attestar."

" Son vortro Sangue anch' io
———— qui qui lorcete i branoi.
Eccolo il ventre infame
Stanza d'infame nascimento."

" Mai non t'avessio avuto, onor funesto?
Ch'io non sarei madre or d'Edippo, e moglie."

" Ravviso
Le Furie in voi che al nunzial mio letto
Ebbi pronube già. Ma, il nuò misfatto
Già già, voi state ad espiar vicini;
Fia dell? incesto il fratricidio ammenda."

" Io forse,
Non son io quella, che al fighriol mio diedi
Figli, e fratelli;—Ed essi, quegli infami,
Ch' or bevon l'un dell' altro in campo il sangue,
Frutto non son d'orrido incesto?"

" Io tutti in me gli asfetti
Sento di madre, e d'esser madre abboro."

Further quotations on this subject were unnecessary. It may be noticed in passing, that the word *orror* and its derivatives and compounds occur no less than forty-five times in the course of this one piece.

The language is in many places of this play worse than prosaic, it is harsh and grating:

" Ma mel vieta
L'odio, che mal di un sol colpo fia pago—
Abbiti in pegno di mia fe l'ardente
Brama, che in petto da che nacqui io nutro."

" Andarne
Bench' esul debba is dalla patria, sempre."

" Qual mendicar pretesti
Potrebbe il re per non serbar sua fede."

" Pria chrio punisca il fallo
Cui vien meno ogni ammenda, il tuo padmo," &c.

I cannot omit this opportunity of rendering justice to my native language, by asserting the superiority which it possesses in point of harmony over the Italian. Let any man compare the rich and manly harmony of our blank verse with the Italian versi sciolti for a moment, and he must be sensible of it. The cloying effect of words, ending in vowels and beginning in vowels meeting together, can never be sufficiently got the better of; and if the language is to be aspirated by frequent elision in the manner of Alfieri, it will suffer from want of harmony. But even all the elisions of Alfieri have not been able to answer his purpose. The preference then which Dr. Johnson and others have thought fit to give to the harmony of Italian verse over our own, does very little credit in my opinion to their delicacy of ear. Turn up any of our tragic poets. What melody can be richer, for instance, than that of the following passages from the Mourning Bride:

O no, time gives increase to my afflictions.
The circling hours that gather all the woes
Which are diffus'd through the revolving year,
Come heavy laden with the oppressing weight
To me; with me, successively they leave
The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
And all the damps of grief.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity.—It strikes an awe

And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilness to my trembling
heart.

This play, like all the others of Alfieri, abounds in inversions, which the genius of the Italian language by no means admit of. They often render his meaning highly obscure; they also give a studied air to passages that might otherwise be pathetic. In violent grief or anxiety there can hardly be leisure for quaint collocations of words. The following are instances:

"Andrai del regio serto
Fra le avite sceltrate ombre fastoso;
Me reverente in alto ombra minore
Vedrai fratello suddito."

"Figlio amato! gran tempo è ch' io
nol vidi!
Forse in me sola, e nel materno immenso
Imparzial mio amore egli ha riposto,
Più che ne' suoi guerrieri ogni sua speme—
Mi è figlio al fine."

"Ma, resta,
Resta a placarsi inacerbito il core
Dell' esul figlio."

I shall conclude my observations on this play, with stating, that I found it on the whole very uninteresting, and that I read it from beginning to end as a task. When two poets have made choice of the same subject, and the one has produced an affecting poem, while the other has completely failed, the failure can hardly be attributed to any other cause than the want of dramatic genius. It was from the pleasure I received from the subject in the hands of Euripides, that I have been led to bestow more attention on the play of Alfieri than perhaps it really deserves. I must say, however, that I by no means consider it as among the most successful of his efforts.

I remain, &c.

Edinburgh, May 29, 1808. J. B.

On the SOCIETY *for the* SUPPRESSION *of* VICE.

SIR,

IN your magazine for May, p. 405, I observed a letter by Mr. Mudford, addressed to the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*, and I am happy to find that one honest individual is at length impelled by laudable motives to expose the contemptible proceedings of this paltry tribunal. At the commencement of their formation, the moral part of mankind considered them as a body likely to be productive of the most beneficial results; but how different now must be their sentiments, when they perceive these men, in whom they placed so much reliance, shrinking from the cognizance of every fashionable vice, and alone seeking how they may obstruct the poorest tradesmen in the necessary duties of their occupations. Are these magnanimous gentlemen, who purposed so much in the beginning, afraid to enter the lists with the affluent and powerful? Or do they imagine, that, by preventing the sale of apples and the deprivation of beards on Sundays, they strike at the root of evil? If so, I am concerned to state, that they have smitten the root so very low that it is almost impracticable they should ever lop off all the branches. Had they endeavoured to abolish corruption, or resorted to the sabbatical haunts of the gay and unthinking, their efforts would have been entitled to some praise. But whilst they are instigated by such cowardly and ungenerous dictates, every patriot must hail the moment which shall bring their downfal. As their career has alone been rendered famous hitherto, by the punishment of the most trivial misdemeanours, the boat and hackney-coachmen will in all probability fall under their impending scourge: and under their auspices, our fair ladies, whose circumstances will not admit of an equipage, will not only be reduced to the deplorable necessity of visiting on foot, but will also be obliged to wear an additional petticoat, and add another pin to their tuckers. I shall forbear any further comments on this encroaching hord, until after the insertion of the next epistle of your most excellent correspondent, and remain, Sir,

your very obedient servant,

City, June 16, 1808. AMICUS.

On the ART *of* STAINING *on* GLASS.

SIR,

THE following extract upon an art, which has been said to have been often lost, is from an old book which I picked up at a stall, without

a title-page, so that I cannot ascertain its date, nor can I answer for the success of the process. All I can say upon the subject is, that above thirty years ago, when I was at the University, the late Mr. James Lister, printer, then at Oxford, who had made a considerable progress in that art, told me, that the only information he ever had upon the subject was from an old Latin author, and that this information was only that nothing would make any impression on glass but minerals and metals; that after many trials he made a perfect blood-red from gold, yellow from silver, and some other colours, if I rightly remember, from substances much the same as those in this extract. If, therefore, you think it can throw any light upon a subject known to so very few, it is entirely at your service.

July 4, 1808. H. D.

" How to Paint on Glass.

" THO' painting on Glass be very antient, yet it is much more modern than painting on Wood or Cloth; as being of no longer standing than the Art of making Glass. They who first painted on Glass, did it only in Colours mixt with Glue, which not being able to withstand the Injuries of Time, a Way was found out of doing it with Fire-proof Colours; which are incorporated with the Glass, by baking and melting them together; and as soon as this Secret was discover'd, every one took Delight to practice the Draught of Figures, and even intire Histories thereon; whereof we have still some remaining pictures on old Church-glass: But those Figures before the Year 1500, had not half the sufficiency of *Base* or *Relief*, as is requir'd in painting.

" Those who desir'd to work in lively Colours, made use of Glass-prit, ting'd in the Glass-house, as well for Carnation as Drapery, whereon they draw the first Lines of the Visage, and other parts of the Body, in black, and then shadow'd them with Strokes and Dashes.

" Painting having since that received an improvement, those Works became more perfect, and that in so short a time, and with such Advantage, making fair and most exquisite pieces, that they are now become the Admiration of the Learned.

" In treating of the Art of Painting on Glass, I shall not mention the Ways used by the Ancients, because they are now out of Practice, and also because the latter Methods are much more excellent. I shall therefore satisfie my self in prescribing only such as may suffice to gratifie the Curiosity of those that love this Art. And to such I shall shew, not only the Method of Painting, but also how to prepare the Colours, to bake and finish 'em in the Furnace. The most part of the Ingredients useful for this Service, being such as will also tinge the Glass well enough.

" I will begin with the Preparation of the Colours to be used in Painting of Glass; for before I shew how to work, the Preparation for it must be first consider'd.

" The *White* is compounded of several Ingredients; as white small Pebble-stones, heated red-hot over a fire in an Iron Ladle, and thrown afterwards into an Earthen Dish full of cold Water, to calcine them; and this must be repeated several times till they are prepar'd: afterwards, being dried, pound them with a Stone or Glass Pestle in a Stone Mortar, and so grind them upon a Marble to an impalpable Powder; then mix a fourth part of Nitre with it, and calcine them in a Crucible; then pound and grind them again, and calcine them a third time over a smaller Fire than your former, and so take them off for use. Then done, when you would paint with it, add equal parts in weight of Gip, a sort of Tale found among Plaister-nold, baked on the Coals to a whiteness, and reducible to Powder and *Rocaille*, grind them all three in a hollow Plate of Copper, with Gum-arabick Water; and so it will be in good condition to paint withal.

" The next Colour which cannot be admitted in this sort of painting, is *Black:* The manner of its Preparation is this: You must grind Scales of Iron from the Smith's Anvil-block, for three hours on the shallow Copper-bason or Plate; and to this one-third of the same Weight of *Rocaille*, with a little Calx of Copper to prevent the Iron from turning red in the Fire; grind it to as impalpable a powder as

you can bring it to; and so keep it in a close Vessel for use.

" *Yellow* is a more costly Preparation, and is made thus: Take fine silver Plates from the Copple, stratify 'em in a Crucible, with Powder of Sulphur, or Nitre, the first and last Lay being of the Powder, and so calcine them in a Furnace; this done, cast it out, as soon as all the Sulphur is consumed, into an earthen Bason of Water, and afterwards pound it in a Stone Mortar, until 'tis fit for the Marble; and so grind it with some of its Water wherein it was cooled, for six Hours; then add nine times its Weight of Red-Oaker, and grind them together for a full Hour, and then it is fit for painting on Glass.

" *Blue* is thus made: Take two Ounces of Zaffer, two Ounces of Minium, and eight Ounces of very fine white Sand; put all these into a Bell-metal Mortar, and pound them very well; and so into a Crucible covered and luted over a quick Fire for an Hour, then draw off the Crucible, and pound them again as before: This done, add a fourth of its Weight in Salt-petre, powder'd; and having mixed all very well together, return them into a Crucible covered and luted, which place again in the Furnace for two Hours at least, continuing such another Fire as the former: The Crucible being off, and cooled a second time, grind the Mass as before, and so put it into a Crucible again, with a sixth Part of Salt-petre, and let it remain on the Fire for three Hours; then take off the Crucible, and immediately with an Iron Spatula, red hot, rake out the Matter, lest it should stick, being very clammy, and hard to be emptied.

" 'Tis convenient to have strong Crucibles for this Calcination, because it remains so considerable a while in the Fire; and they must be luted with an extraordinary Lute, (for the whole Secret of this Preparation depends on the calcining the Ingredients, and Goodness of the Crucible) and therefore you must add the Powder of Borax, to the Powder of Glass vitrified, which helps the Fusion of the Glass: But the greatest stress lies in baking the Crucible, afterwards in a small Fire to cement the Pores, and make the Earth compact as Glass; which would be very much further'd, if you throw on it a considerable Quantity of Salt, as it comes out of the Fire; this would glaze it, and capacitate it for retaining the Spirits in the Fire.

" *Red Colour*, for painting in Glass, requires as much Caution as the Blue: You must take the Scales of Iron, Litharge of Silver, of each a Dram; Feretto of *Spain*, half a Dram, *Rocaille* three Drams and a half; grind all these for half an Hour, on a shallow Copper-plate; in the mean time pound three Drams of Blood-stone in an Iron Mortar, and add to it the rest; then pound a Dram of Gum-arabick in that Mortar, to an impalpable Powder, to take off the Remains of your Blood-stone, and so add it to the rest, grinding it continually, lest the Blood-stone be spoiled. The best Manner of grinding these, is to pour Water by little and little on the Ingredients as you grind them, neither wetting them too much, nor too little, but just as much as will keep a good Temper, as for Painting. Afterwards put all into a Foot-glass, and so drop on it thro' a small hollow Cane of Wood, or with your Finger, as much Water as will bring it to the Consistence of an Egg's Yolk battered, or a little more; then cover the Glass to preserve it from the Dust, and so let it stand three Days to settle. After this, decant the clearest and purest of the Colours that rise at top, into another Glass, without Disturbance of the Sediment; and two Days after it has settled a-new, pour off again the purest of the Colours, as before. This done, set it in the Body of a broken Matrass or Bolt head, over a gentle slow Fire, to dry easily, and so keep it for Use. When you have occasion for it, take a little fair Water in a Glass, and with it moisten as much Colour as you think convenient, that will be excellent for Coronation. As for the *Fæces*, which are very thick, dry 'em too, and you may moisten these in like manner with Water for Drapery, Timber-colour, and such other as you think convenient.

" *Purple Colour* is prepared exactly like that of Blue; Only you must take an Ounce of Zaffer, and an Ounce of very pure and clean Perigurx, two Ounces of Minium, and eight Ounces of very fine Sand; pound all these in

a Bell-metal Mortar, and reduce it to impalpable Powder; and so proceed as in the Blue.

" *Green* is also prepar'd like the former, but the Colour is made by the Change of the Ingredients; and therefore you must take two Ounces of *Æs ustum*, to which the rest are easily deduc'd; I shall now proceed to shew two Ounces of Minium, and eight Ounces of very fine white Sand; and proceed as above.

" These being the principal Colours, from which the rest are easily deduc'd; I shall now proceed to shew how these Colours must be made use of in Painting upon Glass.

" The Painting on Glass is of such fine Effect, as becomes the Admiration of the Learned in all noble Arts: Nothing can be more admirable to the sight; besides its continuance and resisting all Efforts of every Season and Badness of Weather for several Ages.

" If Glass were Malleable, and discharg'd of its natural Frangibility, nothing could equal the Paint thereon; for 'tis not to be tarnished, but always maintains its primitive Beauty and Splendor, without any obstruction to the Transition of Light; and there may as fine Fancies be done on it as on Limning. There would certainly be nothing on Earth so rich and precious as Glass, whether painted or tinged, if it had this principal perfection of Malleability, which many learned Men have studied for and daily find, but rather chuse to pass for *Ignoramus's*, than expose so fine and delicate a Secret.

" Now as to the Manner of Painting on Glass.

" First, Chuse such Glass as is most compact, and best able to resist the Fire, which is not altogether white, but of a whitish Yellow: Then you must have the Original you paint by, ready drawn and proportioned, on strong Cap-paper, in all its Colours and Perfection; for your better Advantage in Pattern, lay it on a Table, and so chuse your pieces of Glass to be painted, and take care so to fit them to each other, as they may joyn easily afterwards, without any Prejudice to the Draught from displacing them, and so confounding the Figures and Portraicts, or from the Lead which must joyn them afterwards, by obscuring any part of the painting; then mark out each piece on the Tablet, by Number 1, 2, 3. Then trace them over in Black with a Pencil, do this very exactly, neither too slightly, nor too thick; and so let it stand two Days to dry, before you print it: Then having all your Colours in a readiness, fill your Pieces off with Colours; for which, use the Nib of the Pencil, especially in Carnation, where you must be very exact: You must also be very circumspect and expeditious, and take a great deal of Care not to blot or blur the Tracings, and chuse rather to paint on the other side of the Glass. All the Colours, except Yellow, may be applied on the same side, because it's apt to mingle with the other Colours; and if near the Blue, will compose a Green; so that for want of such Precaution, the whole work may be spoil'd. If the Yellow transmit itself perfectly thro' the quare, it is as well as if it had been done on the same side: And take notice by the way, that the other Colours have not so ready a Transition, because they consist of a grosser body, therefore the Yellow ought to be very equally and justly laid on in a greater or lesser quantity, as you'd have your Shadows. Observe this too in the rest, to lay them on as quick as possible; but more particularly the azure, green and purple, require the most exactness of any. Then to set off and heighten the Light, in piting a beard, describing flair in Drapery, or otherwise, use the Handle or Butt-end of the Pencil, a small pointed Stick, or Quill, wherewith take off the Colours in those places you wou'd enlighten, which is easily done.

" Such Works as are done in Grassaille, you must paint after this manner: Trace your Piece with black, and let it dry for two days entirely; do it over very slightly and equally with a Wash, so thin laid on, as not to efface the first Lines, and let it dry for two Days: After this, run it over again with the same Wash, where you find it convenient to give a second Time, and let dry two Days longer: Then to give it the Lights and convenient Heightnings, take the sharp But-end of your Pencil, or pointed Stick or Pen as before, and take off the Colour of the first Wash in the most neces-

sary places, and so your Work will be finished.

"To make this Wash easie, Take a small Pewter Cup, or other Vessel, and put therein a quantity of Black Colouring, then dissolve Gum-arabick powder'd in its Weight of Wine, and throw this on the Back in the Pewter-dish or Saucer, that it may be very clear; and not easily dry'd: And so you may have your Wash for painting Glass in Grissaille, or Gray.

"There is another Way of Painting on Glass, more easie, and altogether as effectual: Which is this: Take very white Glass, varnish it very thin, on one side, with a white Varnish; then having before made choice of some fine Impress or Cut on Paper, just fit for the Piece of Glass you design to paint its Fancy on, dip it in Water, and let it soak, and dry a little; then clap the Picture side thereof to the Varnish-side of the Glass, as exactly, plain, and evenly as possible; and so let it dry throughly. Afterwards moisten the Paper on the blank Side, and with a blunt Graver, draw off, and trace the Lines of the Picture, which will afterwards remain perfect and distinctly on the Varnish-side of your Glass Quarry. This Draught is for the Model you must paint your Fillings in; and observe that the Tracings and Strokes of the Picture, are to serve you in shadowing, which cannot be rejected without Disadvantage to your Piece.

"You must also paint in Glass just as in *Miniature*, with Water-colours, laying your Picture underneath it as before; and this will shew finer than if done in Oil; besides the Colours dry in a moment.

"Your pieces thus done in Oil or Water-colour, may receive a very additional and improving Beauty, by overlaying all the Colours, except the Ground, with Leaf-silver, which will appear very glorious and lively on such as are transparent. And so much for painting in Glass."

On the Word Mahogany.

Sir,

CAN any of your readers inform me why the word *mahogany* is not to be found in Bailey, Johnson, nor in any of our more modern lexicographers? Is the discovery of that wood, or its use in articles of domestic furniture, posterior to the era of Johnson's Dictionary? Or is it a local term, and therefore not admitted into a lexicon of the English language? I have sometimes heard that its omission in Johnson arose from prejudice; but, as it is equally omitted in other dictionaries, that opinion is evidently erroneous. I should be glad therefore, if through the medium of your magazine, my ignorance on this subject may be cleared up, and remain, &c.

June 9, 1808. A. B

Letter XV.—On the Affairs of the Poor, &c.

On the Misapplication of Parochial Assessments.

IF we accustom ourselves to reflect on the various occurrences which are rapidly following each other, as wave succeeds wave, in human life, we shall be induced to believe, that every institution, however pure in its origin, will suffer innovations in the hands of men; and that it is absolutely necessary to have frequent recourse to first principles, to see how far we are departed and are still departing from them.

This is as peculiarly necessary for all bodies of men, as for individuals acting in public capacities, as it will be the means of recalling to their memories what hath been done by their ancestors, what hath been done since, and what is doing now.

If any one should doubt of the necessity of inquiring into the times that are passed, in order to discover and correct the abuses of the present day, let him examine into the proceedings of the coroner and his jury at their first appointment, and compare them with a paragraph which appeared in the Morning Chronicle of a recent date.

We are informed, that on the 19th day of October, 1807, a coroner's inquest was lately taken in a parish to the westward of the Thames, on the body of a young man (a gentleman's groom) who was found drowned, and the verdict was returned to that effect. The gentlemen who sit on juries in the parish are generally selected from the passed and present

officers; and they have uniformly a dinner or a supper on the occasion. The following is a copy of the bill for their repast:

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
To fowls and pork - -	1	12	0
To tarts - - - -	0	10	0
To dressing and vegetables -	0	12	0
To bread, cheese, and sauce	0	15	0
To wine, porter, &c. -	4	11	5
To porter, &c. for men -	0	10	8
	8	11	1

This bill was sent by the churchwarden to the master of the deceased for payment; and it shews that the officers had been so long in the habit of feasting upon every occasion, that they were grown callous to shame, and incapable of blushing. The gentleman considering that the parish officers could not have any legal right to feed upon dead men, as they did upon bastard children, returned their bill in a blank cover to the churchwarden unpaid, to be probably settled in the ways and means of a parochial account.

This is very far from being a solitary instance of a coroner's jury taking refreshment at the expense of the friends of the deceased, even before they had discharged their duty; and it has been done so freely, that the foreman has been insensible of the business they were met upon; and as they could not give their verdict, they were obliged to adjourn till the next day. Bills for the expenses of juries have been sent for payment to poor widows, and the coroner has done every thing in his power to enforce it; and they have been obliged after losing their husbands, to part either with some of their furniture or wearing apparel, to discharge the cruel and illegal demand.

If a strict inquiry be made, it may be found that there is a fixed sum allowed for the jury to drink in an exempt jurisdiction; and it is much to be feared, that most illegal impositions are very far from being uncommon. Such gross and shameful abuses are suffered to continue, because the seeking of redress is too troublesome and expensive for any private person to undertake for the public; when he is sure, that if he checks the evil, he must sit down with a certain loss. If we examine into the origin of the coroners, we shall see that their institution hath degenerated in passing down the current of time. When the state of society first rendered it necessary to inquire how the king had been deprived of a subject, when a person was found dead, the office of coroner was then considered as a post of honour, and there were but few below the rank of a knight aspired to it in counties; and it was held in high estimation, as the appointment came from the king.

As knights were not always to be found in privileged jurisdictions, the law required that they who were coroners, by virtue of their office, should be possessed of sufficient property within the franchise to answer for the fines payable by the coroner for any misdemeanour, and if the commonalty elected any one from their body for mayor, when the king had granted the privilege of coroner to the town, who was not competent to answer the fines, they were liable to be amerced, to make good any deficiency. At that time there was not any fee allowed to the coroner, nor feasting for his jury, and yet he was liable to be fined by the king for concealing of felonies, and for the neglect of the duties of his office.

Where empty honour is connected with trouble, and without a distant prospect of any emolument to soften the trial, we shall be much disappointed if we expect to find that the coroners continued always equally active and vigilant in the path of duty. The history of their proceedings plainly shews, that frequent complaints were made of their indifference and remissness in discharging their duty; and this called for the interference of the legislature to provide a remedy. It was enacted in the third year of the reign of Henry VII. chapter the first, that a fee of thirteen shillings and fourpence should be paid for every inquisition taken on the view of a dead body slain by violence, and the money was to be raised on the goods and chattels of the slayer. If they were found insufficient to answer the sum, the coroner was to be paid out of the fine to be levied upon the district for suffering the murder.

[*To be continued.*]

An ACCOUNT *of the* COMMERCE *of* FRANCE *with* ITALY, PIEDMONT, SAVOY, *and* SWITZERLAND.

THE very name of Italy, in whatever point of view it be regarded, creates ideas of grandeur. With respect to commerce, the mention of it brings to our minds the maritime powers of Venice and Genoa, their opulence and extensive connections with Europe, Africa, and Asia, even prior to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. We once more regard the great family of Medicis, their glory, and that of their native place, Florence; in short, our thoughts are directed to the purest climate and most fertile soil in Europe.

The contiguity of Savoy and Piedmont both to France and Italy, the facility of communication which results from their happy situation in respect to Switzerland, are combined circumstances which lead us to consider collectively the commerce of all Italy, and of the Thirteen Cantons with France, during the two epochs placed in parallel.

The imports into France from all those countries, at the conclusion of the reign of Louis XIV. amounted to the sum of 10,700,000 francs; and at the time of the revolution, to 82,000,000 francs. This augmentation is in the proportion of nearly as one is to eight.

The three classes into which these imports are divided, are as follow:—1st, Manufactures 16,300,000 francs, such as silk ribbons from Padua, thick crapes from Bologna, various silken stuffs, velvets, &c. from Genoa and Florence, and white and printed cottons from Switzerland. 2dly, Raw materials to the amount of 37,400,000 francs, nearly two thirds of this sum being for raw silk. 3dly, The produce of the animal and vegetable worlds 28,300,000 francs, of which 11,500,000 are paid for oil, the greater part being imported for the fabrication of soap.

The exports of France for all the aforesaid countries amounted, at the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, to 23,100,000 francs; and at the time of the revolution, to 78,300,000, which exhibits an augmentation in proportion as one is to three and a half.

These exports may be divided into five distinct classes, viz. 1st, Manufactures to the value of 30,800,000 francs. 2dly, Raw materials, and those which have undergone a primitive preparation, such as spun cotton, destined for Switzerland, the whole amounting to 11,800,000 francs. 3dly, Produce of the vegetable and animal worlds to the amount 10,700,000 francs. 4thly, Wines and brandies to the value 5,000,000 francs. 5thly, The commodities of the French West Indies, which amount to the sum of 20,000,000 francs.

By the result of this commerce it would appear, that France, in order to equalize the exchange between herself and those countries, should pay a balance, annually, of 3,600,000 francs.

It will, however, be evident, on considering her commercial relations separately with some Italian powers, that the balance against her is even more considerable. Thus the two Sicilies draw infinitely less from France than they supply her with, and the only compensation which the latter may be said to receive results from her connection with Milan and Tuscany, where not only great sales of manufactured articles, but also of coffee and sugar are made on the part of the French.

The following is a list of the merchandises exported from France for Italy:—Pepper, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, mace, cocoa, ginger, porcelain, Indian calicoes, muslins, cambrics, fine linen, woollen cloths, camlets, serges, Lyonese stuffs, mercery, hardware, millinery, Haerlem and Flemish white thread, vermillion, dye woods, madder, copper, brass, iron, lead, pewter, capers, the wines of Languedoc and Provence, corn and other grain, the embroidered silken stuffs of Lyons and Tours, &c. &c.

Besides various silken stuffs &c. peculiar to certain parts of Italy, this country sends to France, dried fruits, such as raisins, figs, almonds, &c. also lemons, limes, anniseed, alum, sulphur, steel, rice, manna, amber, turpentine, cream of tartar, fine lacker, paper, soap, perfumed gloves, snuffs of various kinds, essences, white marble in blocks, and marble slabs of all colours and qualities.

France exports for Switzerland, corn, hemp, salt of Lorraine and

Franche Comté, Burgundy and Champaign wines, linseed oil, oak-tan of Franche Comté, vegetables, Provence oil, Marseilles soap, saffron, honey, almonds, olives, plums, capers, brandies, *liqueurs* and syrups chiefly from Montpellier, dye woods, Lorrain wools, Alsace tobacco, iron, lead, Lyonese silken stockings and stuffs, hats, Abbeville and Labal cloths, serges &c. of Rheims, millinery from Paris, calmets from Lisle and Flanders in general, indigo, sugar, vitriol, Roman alum, colonial and Levant coffee, gall nuts and gums, Spanish, Barbarian, and Levant silk, senna and drugs in general, goat and shamoy skins, tobacco from Dunkirk, &c. &c.

In return, Switzerland sends to France, butter, cheese, skins, hides, leather, flax, small quantities of wine from the country of Vaud, clock work, toys, jewellery, watches, paper, especially that sort denominated "the fine paper of the arms of Basil," cottons, &c. &c.

An immense commerce is carried on between France and Italy by means of the Mediterranean; the merchandises employed in this branch of the trade between the two countries, are exactly similar to those of which we have already given an enumeration.

On FEMALE RIMES, DAVID MALLET, *&c. &c.*

SIR,

I WISH, in the present letter, to offer a few remarks that have occurred to me on perusing your last two numbers.

There is an inquirer in the Magazine for May, p. 405, concerning *female rimes*, who is informed that they only take place in the French language, and signify the vowel *e*, pronounced at the end of their words, with the same sound as that of *de*. Thus, in the subsequent line of Corneille,

Mais ne rejettons pas une esperance vaine,

the concluding *e* is what they term a feminine rhyme, and from this cause it will sometimes happen that a word may possess a varying number of syllables in the same verse:

"C'est un homme, qui, ah! un homme, un homme enfin!" *Moliere, Tartuffe.*

for in the two last examples, the vowel is *mangée*, or swallowed up, by the vowel beginning the following words.

Voltaire informs us that their musicians are sometimes inconvenienced by these metrical laws:

"Nos rimes feminines, terminées toutes par un e muet, font un effet très désagréable dans la musique: le chanteur est absolument obligé de prononcer *e—u*." *Mélanges de Literatur.* See also *L'Historie de Louis XIV.*

If, therefore, the preceding verse of Corneille were set to music, it would produce the effect above noticed.

There is also a correspondent in your last number, p. 470, who has made a remark on Mr. Hayley's imitation of Thomson; but he will find that David Mallet had already trod in the footsteps of that poet, in the commencement of what he styles *An Essay on Verbal Criticism*; in which he adulates Pope,

"Whose life severely scan'd transcends his lays,
For wit supreme is but his second praise."

I merely notice this, because every species of coincidence should be traced as high as possible.

To the ingenious disquisition of Mr. Brewer on the subject of Queen Mary, I am very ready to allow its due commendation; but if that Gentleman will consult Ballard, at the article of Qeen Elizabeth, he will perceive that the life of that princess, according to her own belief, was spared at the intercession of Philip, who afterwards sought her in marriage, but unsuccessfully, which gave rise to his invasion. It is confidently affirmed, that even after that affair she continued to preserve his portrait in her chamber during her life; and were Mary not inclined to spare the life of her sister, the doting attachment that she is allowed to have entertained for her husband will account for her consent without inferring any remarkable facility of disposition.

I mean not, however, to invalidate any other part of Mr. B.'s inquiry. I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

D. L. S.

On the PRONUNCIATION of the LATIN LANGUAGE.

Sir,

I BEG leave to offer some remarks on an article in your last, signed Σημα, on the pronunciation of the Latin language. Your correspondent asserts that *g* before *e* and *i* was pronounced soft among the Romans, and in proof of what he has advanced, observes that *legiones*, *magesterium*, &c. were written *leciones*, *macesterium*, &c. but these very examples he has adduced, turn out as so many proofs against him: for he ought to know that the Latin *c* is the Greek κ*, and consequently *legiones* was pronounced *lekiones*; and there is surely much more similarity between *lekiones* and *legiones* hard, than between *lekiones* and *legiones* soft. But to explain this more fully, I shall quote the authority of Mr. John Horne Tooke, who in his admirable *Diversions of Purley*, observes, (vol. 1, page 93,) that *c* hard or *k*, is the same letter as *g*, and *c* soft, or *s* as *z*, there being in them no difference of articulation, but only a compression of the larinx in the latter case; and again he says, (vol. 2, page 7,) "It cannot be too often repeated, that in Latin, *g* should be pronounced as the Greek γ, and *c* as the Greek κ. If *regere* had been pronounced in our manner, i. e. *redjere*, its past participle would have been *redjitum*, *retchtum*, not *rectum*. And if *facere* instead of *fakere*, had been pronounced *fassere*, its past participle would have been *fassitum*, *fastum*, not *fakitum*, *factem*." Now I maintain that on the same principle we have every reason to conclude, that if *leciones*, instead of *lekiones*, had been pronounced *lesiones*, it would have been *leziones*; but finding it *legiones*, we may rest assured that when written with a *c*, it was pronounced *lekiones*. The same is true of *macesterium* and *urbitcius*; but what *crescentsianus* has to do with the question, I am at a loss to discover.

With respect to the pronunciation of the vowels, as he appears to allude to some former observations of his, I cannot perfectly comprehend what his intentions are; so to avoid the imputatation, he has put on F. R. of not understanding him, I shall say nothing about them.

I remain, &c.

5th July, 1808. N. E.

* Nam k quidem in nultis verbis utendum puto—cum sit c litera, quæ ad omnes vocales vim suam perferat. —*Quint. Instit.* lib. 1. § vii.

Now it is self evident that *c* could not have the force of *k* without being pronounced as such.

ANNOTATIONS *on the* TEXT *of* SHAKSPEARE.

No. III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
Act V.—Sc. III.

But we are old; and on our swift'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.

An imitation from Juvenal, 9, 128:

Festinat enim decurrere velox
Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio:—*dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas,*
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.

TWELFTH NIGHT.
Act II.—Sc. IV.

But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

Thus, in Tasso's Rinaldo, C. 8. St. 56:

Non così rode tarlo arido legno
Come quel rose l'ira a-detti suoi.

WINTER'S TALE.
Act I.—Sc. II.

Grace to boot!

This may signify "Heaven help you!" an expression of affected pity, which the general spirit of the scene will warrant.

Act II.—Sc. III.

Lest she suspect
Her children not her husband's.

Apprehending that some demon or malignant spirit may have imposed on her, in the resemblance of her husband.

MACBETH.
Act I.—Sc. II.

What haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look, that seems to speak
things strange.

Count Alfieri was probably acquainted with this passage; for there is one nearly parallel, at the commencement of Solimano:

———Oh come lieto
Mostra negli occhi il cor, e muto esprime
Che de care novelle or nunzio arriva!

Sc. III.

———Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd, where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.

Shakspeare made considerable use of his contemporaries with respect to particular phrases. Perhaps, according to the custom of the age, having taken part in many ouvrages de societé, *he might occasionally reclaim his property, for the completion of such of his pieces as are wholly genuine. The words in question are from the first part of K. H. 6th:*

I'll note you in my book of memory:
Look to it well.

Sc. IV.

By doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

Performing all actions, whose relation to the continuance of that love and honour which are your due, may be considered as secure *or undoubted.*

Sc. VII.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

If, after it be effected, it be done with, *if no consequences arise. The thought is from Theognis,* 947:

Πρήξας δ' ἐκ ἔπρηξα, καὶ ἐκ τέλεσσα τελέσσας,
Δρήσας δ' ἐκ ἔδρης', ἦντα δ' ἐκ ἀνύσας.

And pity, like a naked new born babe,
Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air;
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.

Mr. Capel Lofft informs us, that the sightless couriers of the air *are not the winds, but "invisible posters of the divine will." According to the Christian Creed, what other messengers, besides angels, is the Deity accustomed to employ? Had there been any such, Dr. Johnson was not a man to have missed them.*

Prythee, peace!
I dare do all that may *become* a man:
Who dares do more, is none.

A sentiment in Aristotle's Ethics, Lib. γ', κ. ζ', is so exactly responsive to this exclamation, that it merits to be detailed:

Ὁ μὲν οὖν ἀ. δεῖ, καὶ ἃ δέοντα, ὑπομένων καὶ φοβούμενος, καὶ ὡς δεῖ, καὶ ὅτε, ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ θαῤῥῶν, ἀνδρεῖος.

Again, in Dryden and Lee's, Duke of Guise, Old Grillon says to the king, with respect to assassinating the duke,

Were I a coward, I had been a villain,
And then I durst have don't.

Act II.—Sc. II.

Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.

Has forsaken you.

Will all great ocean's waters wash this blood
From off my hand?—No! this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green—one red.

Οὔμαι γὰρ ἔν' ἔν ἴχρι, ὅτε φᾶσιν ἂν
Νίψαι καθαρμὸν τὸν δε τὴν χεῖρα, ἕως
Κάνθη. *Œdip. Tyr.* 1236.

And Seneca, Herc. Fur, 1322, *&c.*

Arctoum licet
Mœotis in me gelidæ transfundat mare,
Hæbrit altum facinus.

Act III.—Sc. II.

For Banquo's issue, have I fil'd my mind.

Exerted it's faculties; sharpened *it.*—*In Chaucer's Prologue we have*

He musie preche, and wel *afile* his tonge
To winne silver. v. 714.

And in Spenser, F. 2. II. 1. *st.* 3:

His practicke wit, and his faire *fyled* tongue,
With thousand other sleightes."

Sc. IV.

Mr. Seymour's ingenious note, which tends to prove that the two ghosts of Duncan and Banquo succeed each other in this scene, is, in my opinion, deserving of the manager's attention.

Oh these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear.

which are as far from affording real subject of apprehension, as imposture is from reality.

Sc. VI.

Who cannot want the thought, how monsterous
It was in Malcolm and in Donalbain
To kill their father!

Mr. Malone says, that the lection should be can: *but* want *is in the Roman sense of,* to have occasion for, to need. *And in King Richard III.:*

And much I need to thank you, if need were.

It may be interpreted, "Who is there [in attempting to account for these strange circumstances] that cannot suggest to himself the thought," &c.—From this thought is inferred the want of probability, that the king's son should have committed the murder, of which Macbeth had endeavoured to reject upon them the criminality.

Act IV.—Sc. I.

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks! whoever knocks.

This is an ancient superstition.

Ἀλλεται ὀφθαλμος μευ ὁ δεξιος· ἀρά γ' ἱκνεῖ
Ἀιδέν. *Theocr. Id.* 3, v. 37.

On this subject, there is a humourous paper in the Connoiseur.

Though bladed trees be *lodg'd*, and corn blown down.

Lodg'd means strew'd, or made to lie.

Like to the summer's corn, by tempest lodg'd."—*K. H. VI.*

I find in Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia, *Anno* 1694, *that Sir Francis Walsingham, while ambassador in France, "stayed there a* leiger long *in the heat of the civil wars:" where it appears to signify "a considerable length of time."*

Act V.—Sc. III.

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd? &c.

From Spenser's Sonn. L. our poet perhaps received the hint of these lines. See also Theognis, 423:

My *way* of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

Another drama will furnish a correspondent idiom:

Turn preordinance, and first decree
Into the *lane* of children.
Jul. Cæs. Act 3, *Sc.* 1.

Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not!

"The poor heart" is not that of the courtier, but of Macbeth: who dares not spurn these empty honours, so as to betray the mistrust and misery that haunt him.

Act V.—Sc. V.

To the last syllable of *recorded time.*

An allusion, not, as Dr. Johnson conjectures, to the end of life, but of this material world. The distinction between Time and Eternity was in Shakspeare's thoughts: the former of which must be recorded, *and is finally lost in the boundless Eternity, which is neither susceptible of human annals, nor of any conception that finite beings can exert.*

She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.

Macbeth, during his first emotion, expresses a natural wish that his wife had died at a more distant period: but after a moment's reflection, he adds, "the time must have arrived for her to pay the common debt of nature," and hence he proceeds to the instability of mortal happiness. Would *should be emphatically delivered.*

The importance of emphasis may be instanced in the following lines of Ben Jonson; as without it, the second cannot be read for verse:

These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,
Which trulier may be said to possess *them.*

[*To be continued.*]

Errata in the last.—*For* Amynta, *read* Aminta;—*for* Bussy Æabutin, *read* Rabutin.

Further proofs of the Utility of VINE LEAVES *as a substitute for* TEA, *&c. By Mr.* KING.

Sir,

FROM the last number of your Magazine, I find that Mr. Hall, who published Travels in Scotland last year, has pointed out a number of economical uses to which the prunings of the vine may be applied. Since the arrival of the last number of your useful and widely circulating miscellany, I have tried a variety of experiments, and am now convinced that there may much advantage arise to the country from Mr. Hall's experiments. The tea of the vine leaves is by no means disagreeable, though it requires rather more sugar, and the want of flavour is much more than made up by the fine tone it gives the nerves. I took but little of it at first, and but weak; but now I begin to like it, and to feel myself the better for it. The juice of the prunings, when well bruised, you may depend, makes excellent vinegar. Beer made of the fermented liquor I have also tried, which to me appears like

a fine, small claret. How it will do, when distilled into brandy, I know not; though an acquaintance, who has tried it, tells me it will do very well. As several of my acquaintance are trying experiments, and are to send me the result, you will probably hear from me again. In the mean time I remain, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

Leeds, July 8, 1808. J. KING.

JEWISH LITERATURE, GALLANTRY *of the* GOLDSMIDS, *&c.*

SIR,

THE *New Sanhedrin*, &c. reviewed in page 305 of your last volume, has excited a considerable sensation among the Jewish people and their advocates here. "Sacred Truths addressed to the Children of Israel, &c." noticed also in your Magazine for March last, p. 238, will shortly be followed by another production, viz. a Letter to the Sanhedrin, vindicating the *Old Faith* and practice of the Jews; and of course strongly censuring the sentiments of the *New Sanhedrin* and the Jews upon the continent, respecting the religious and moral regulations which the Emperor Napoleon wishes to introduce. It seems a maxim with the new Jewish advocates on this side of the water, "That they have a right, on account of *their faith*, to enjoy every privilege with Christian subjects, and to be excluded from contributing an equal share of support to the state; such as bearing arms, and the hazard of life and limb in its defence." These burdens, they *insinuate*, ought to be thrown upon the rest of the community, for the paltry consideration of an equivalent in money!—Any kind of opposition to their particular interest is now called "*subverting the existence of the Jewish faith.*" This charge is evidently well founded, because taking away these exclusive privileges from the French Jews, and requiring them in common with Christian subjects to contribute in person to the state, is what the English Jews mean by "subverting their faith."

The French Emperor certainly is endeavouring to promote the intermarriage of Jews and Christians: but if this is a measure in its tendency both moral and religious, according to the New Testament, what must be the character of those who oppose it? Can any man be deemed a good Christian, or even a good member of society, who will contend for the observance and perpetuation of an abrogated article of the *Jewish faith* at the expense of Christian faith and practice? A little impartial investigation will justify the inferences intended, and it is probable that the open espousal of such an immoral doctrine, particularly among English Jews, would not have found an advocate here, if unfortunately we had not now been at war with France; but the bigotted Catholics of former times, like the English Jews at present, condemned all the measures of Henry the Eigth, to whom we are so much indebted for the Reformation; and to whom, cruel and abandoned as his character might be in other respects, perhaps both Jew and Christian at this day owe the happiness of not being exposed to the flames of persecution, on account of their *faith*. Fortunately, for the continent, its political burdens may be much lightened, by incorporating so rich and numerous a people as the Jews, who must now bear their just portion of them. Happy the people who are not under any particular obligations to the *wealthy* among the Israelites; or to those among them whose base and sordid views render them deserving the name of *Usurers* and *Money Lenders*; thus they escape the censure of the prophet, Isaiah, ch. i. 23.—*Principes tui infidelco, socii furum.*

But this can only be the misfortune of poor nations, whose wants may compel them to sacrifice the good of the many to the benefit of a few. As to the mischief and immoral tendency of allowing exclusive privileges to *Jewish faith*, we have no occasion to attend to the reasons of the Parisian Sanhedrin for doing them away; but to look at home for facts, and only to those facts of which the Jews themselves are both authors and witnesses.

It is said to be against the *Jewish faith*, and therefore an *abomination*, for the Jews to marry with Christians; but, for the Jews to practice seduction, fornication, or adultery,

among these antichristian sticklers for the Jewish faith, is not reckoned a crime, or even a natural consequence of bringing up Jews in a Christian country with these notions of a *Jewish faith* set in opposition to a *Christian practice!* As an instance illustrating this hypothesis, a work has lately appeared from the pen of a Jew, viz. "Memoirs of the Life and Commercial Connections, public and private, of the late Benjamin Goldsmid, Esq." in which the practice of seducing Christian females, debauchery, dissipation, &c. so far from *being regretted as a crime, or consequence of a bad belief, is related as a matter of gallantry.* We are treated with the adventures of the late Mr. G——d and some of his friends in this way, and even insulted by a display of the wealth and stile with which these privileged seducers keep up their seraglios. Speaking of one of these ladies who had assumed the Jewish name of Miss Peynado, the writer of these memoirs says, "the apartment was furnished in the most costly style that extravagance and elegance could devise. The light was softened by white Persian curtains lined with pale pink; glass globes, filled with gold and silver fish, stood upon gilt pedestals, whilst oriental China glittered amidst profusion of glass and plate in buffets; underneath which, silver tea and coffee urns stood upright, surrounded by the finest Dresden porcelain." It must be owned, that some parts of these memoirs smell of the novel; and the want of a Jewish writer's charity for the failings of a deceased brother is rather astonishing, otherwise we should not have heard of the circumstance of an unsuspecting servant girl, *not a Jewess,* being seduced at Mr. G.'s house at Stamford Hill, by a Mr. Salomon; she afterwards becoming a kept woman in high stile. Mr. G. after his marriage, got acquainted with her "in a side box at the play, from whence he went in her carriage to her apartments at Miss Peynado's; but finding too much company of his own sort there, formed no constant coalition at that time, but soon afterwards took her away, and placed her in elegant lodgings in K—— P——. His visits to her there were constant, though unsuspected by his family, and a considerable time passed before he became acquainted with the circumstance of her having been his own servant at Stamford Hill." This connection lasted without interruption in that place about a twelvemonth. Mr. G.'s establishment of her household "was almost princely, and even vied with the first ranks in gallantry and *haut ton.*" A strange reason is assigned for Mr. G.'s reposing no great degree of confidence in meretricious connections; that is to say, he had before "seen enough of the nature and fickleness of the fair sex, and therefore at a very early period he married." This moral Jewish memoralist then gives a list of some of Mr. G.'s friends, who succeeded him in sharing the favours of the lady just referred to: among them are the names of Young Prager, George Goldsmid, Jack Franco, De Friese, and even Mr. Salomon. But, to the credit of Mr. De Friese, deceased, as well as his master, we believe the memoralist errs in making him a Hebrew: he was a confidential clerk in Mr. G.'s house, and when incapable of business, was long allowed a handsome consideration by his wealthy employer.

The late Mr. Benjamin Goldsmid was, before his marriage, a traveller; but the memorialist, for this, assigns two reasons, though one is quite sufficient, viz. "a soft passion took hold of Mr. Goldsmid's mind, and he became attached to a genteel and accomplished young lady, a Christian, a brewer's daughter, of Limehouse, which respectable and affectionate intercourse existed for some years; but his family, at last, became alarmed, (for the Jewish faith) and represented to him the impropriety of uniting with a person not of his own persuasion, and advised, in order to draw him off from this *frivolous pursuit,* a trip to the continent, and in the interim they engaged honourably to dispose of the young lady." The difficulty with which Mr. G. overcame his genuine attachment on this occasion, or the mercenary substitute used by his Jewish friends to divest or extinguish the most honourable feelings in nature, may be left to the reader's imagination. But here another fea-

ture of Jewish faith and morality strongly displays itself. It is not enough that its disciples are permitted to gratify their disorderly appetites at the expense of female virtue, and to engross all that their unbounded wealth can procure them from the superiority of the temptations it enables them to exhibit. But, provided it is not with their *own females*, they may insinuate, address, and even make semblance of marriage, which their *faith* will not permit them to perform They may thus destroy the peace of families and harrow up the feelings of parents and relatives, but their faith, their religion, does not permit them to redress these serious injuries, or to afford the balm of consolation to those whom they may have made miserable. Thus, contending for the Jewish faith is both impious and absurd. Now, the fact is, that the measures adopted by the French emperor to oblige the Jews to intermarry with Christians, whom we have seen they have no religious scruples in debauching, would most effectually reform these practices; but some half thinking Christians and Jews say, this would be *subverting the Jewish faith!* This, indeed, may be very safely granted; but in return we may ask, What is the purport, and why was the Christian religion first promulgated, but to subvert the Jewish faith? What are almost all the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel calculated for, but to subvert the Jewish faith? An apostle, Romans xi. 43, declares that nothing but the continuance of Jewish unbelief can prevent them from being grafted into the Gospel; and are we to oppose this engrafting of the Jews, by continuing to insist upon the Jewish faith, which is only another word for the unbelief of the Gospel? Are Christians justifiable in pleading for the pernicious operation of a faith in opposition to the faith of Christ, destructive of good morals in any mixed society of Jews and Christians, and contrary to the spirit and even the letter of the New Testament? A faith which allows the Jew to do wrong to the Christian, but will not permit him to make a just recompence.

The old Roman Catholics had as much reason for the celibacy of their priesthood, as any person can urge for the prohibiting the marriage of Jews with Christians. If a certain number of men whose riches furnish them with opportunities of multiplying debaucheries, and whose *faith*, as it is called, prevents them from marrying; if these are to be defended, where is the mighty difference between tolerating such men and an equal number of "rosy priests and jolly friars?" The pertinacity of Mr. Cohen, the author of "Sacred Truths addressed to the Hebrews," in contending for a *local* restoration of the Jews, &c. against the author of the New Sanhedrin, is a stream from the same fountain as their abrogated law, which forbids marriage; as a means, they say, of preventing them from embracing the Christian faith!!! Though the author of the New Sanhedrin is the first *Christian* writer who has proved from the words of Christ himself, to the woman of Samaria, that the *local* restoration of the Jews to Jerusalem, is not the doctrine of the Gospel, the same opinion was hinted before, by one of our greatest critics, Bishop Warburton.

Respecting the original precepts of Moses against the marriages of Jews with Gentiles, as the latter were then idolators, this law cannot be supposed to be in force now, unless these Jewish champions and their advocates will have the effrontery to place the Christians of the present day, who tolerate and protect them, upon the same footing with savages and barbarians. But to return, the author of the Sacred Truths seems very angry with the *moral regeneration* which the French Sanhedrin deem an equivalent with their *local restoration*. The French emperor and his adherents wish gradually to reform the habits and morals of the Jews, to fit them for the enjoyment of society; but the author of the Sacred Truths, who is neither philosopher or conjurer, would have them emancipated all at once, and "reinstated to their former splendour or greater," an experiment, humanly speaking, as dangerous as a sudden emancipation of the enslaved negro, or the most besotted and bigotted description of Catholics. Next to Duteronomy, chap. xxx. which some have explained as relative to the Ba-

bylonish captivity, this autho: recommends the reading of the last of Ezekiel, wherein, he says, will be seen not only the *local restoration*, but also the division of land to each tribe. But it is enough to reply to this part of Ezekiel, that beyond the twelfth verse of the 47th chapter, neither connection with, nor confirmation by the New Testament, are to be found. To this limit the *metaphorical* description of the New Jerusalem may agree with the outline of the holy city, in Rev. chap. xxi and xxii. But beyond Ezekiel the 47th and 12th verse, the description of that city and portion seems wholly *Jewish*. Into the Christian Jerusalem, John tells us, chap. xxi. verses 24, 25, 26, the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honour. Upon this head Ezekiel is silent. Nothing profane, or any thing that defileth can any wise enter into the New Testament, Jerusalem, Rev. chap. xxi. v. 27. but in Ezekiel, chap. xlviii. v. 15. we are told there shall be a *profane place* for the city, for dwelling and for suburbs, and the city shall be in the midst thereof.

Of the destruction of the local Jerusalem, in Matthew xxiv. and corresponding places, Jesus Christ said much. Of a local restoration of that city or its material temple, not a word. His temple is his *Church, and the people who defend it;* and whether the testimony of Mr. L. Cohen, or that of Jesus Christ is to be received all may judge. If the Rev. G. Faber, Mr. J. Bicheno, and other fanciful divines, without either intending to invalidate our Lord's testimony, or corrupt the morals of society, continue to feed the prejudices of these ignorant Jews, by fostering their hopes of a *local restoration*, it can only be ascribed to the strength and prevalence of millenarian opinions, founded more upon tradition than reason or revelation. The late Dr. Gill probably entertained a better idea of the true restoration of the Jews than any of his compeers who have written most elaborately upon the subject. He says, "he was persuaded that in 1735, when the bill passed the Commons for naturalizing the Jews, that it would not continue;" because, probably, looking at the state of their morals, he was persuaded that they must be *spiritualized* before they could be *naturalized* as Christians.

Bishop Warburton also, stated it as his positive opinion, more than half a century ago, "that the naturalization bill passed in the 20th of George II. was contrary to the prophecies; and that their future restitution to divine favour, would consist, *not in being recalled to their own original country*, but in being naturalized and incorporated into the various communities of the faithful."

As to the state of literature among the English Jews, not those of the continent, the Jewish author of the Memoirs of Mr. B. Goldsmid, allows "that it is plain from the most authentic information, that the community of Jews in foreign parts are more improved, as well as more respected than here, where they are little known but by their *contrivances and traffic*." See p. 26. In p. 90 he goes still further: "It is," he observes, "a shocking thing to say, but it is true as evident, that the English part of the Jewish nation are farther removed from knowledge, (I will not mention learning) than any body of the like number of people, and yet abundantly rich to provide for the improvement of their offspring, which they bring up as if the human character was not improveable in progression with modern discoveries. Let it not shock my readers to be told here, that beyond a very small number indeed of our people, who are happy enough to possess a little more intelligence than the mass of their brethren, there is not one in an hundred who can construe a simple paragraph in a newspaper, &c. and yet they are as careless of learning as ever." What a contrast to the state of literature among the Jews on the continent, as stated in the New Sanhedrin already quoted!

But as a stronger proof that the illuminating spirit of the sciences and true religion has not yet visited some of the best informed among the English Jews, the memorialist informs us that Mr. G.'s family, and many others, believe in magical secrets, and the supernatural preparations of the adepts. The following is then given from the report of "*living and cre-*

ditable persons, who do not study to deceive others more than themselves!!!" Mr. De Falk, at Mr. Goldsmid's table one day, was invited to call on a gentleman who resided in the Chapter House, St. Paul's Church-yard, and have some conversation with him in a friendly way, on some curious subject. "But when," says the gentleman, "will you come? Upon which he pulled out a small piece of wax candle from his pocket, and giving it to him, said, "Light this up, Sir, when you get home, and I shall be with you as soon as it goes out. After watching this light all day and night, he did not find it the least lessened from what it appeared to be when he first took it. He then removed it to a closet where it might be out of the way, expecting it to go out, and Mr. Falk to arrive that minute. Upwards of three weeks elapsed, and the inch of candle was still burning on the morning of the day that De Falk called in the evening in a hackney coach, and surprised the gentleman, who had given over all hopes of seeing him soon, as the candle shewed no signs of diminution, but kept burning as brightly as at first. As soon as mutual civilities were over, the gentleman went up stairs to look at his candle in the closet, and to his utter surprise, found it gone as well as the stick it stood in. When he returned to Mr. De Falk he expressed his astonishment, and enquired if the agent that removed it would return the candlestick, "O yes," replied De Falk, "you have it now in the kitchen below." It was sought after, and found as related, under the dresser. We are further informed that the same magician used sometimes to pawn his plate at Mr. Bunn's, in Houndsditch; but it sometimes happened that the articles found their way back from Mr. Bunn's house to the owner, before the premium and interest were paid. Another time Mr. De Falk stopped the progress of a raging fire which threatened the synagogue, only by writing four Hebrew letters on the pillars of a door, when the wind suddenly changed, and the fire immediately subsided!

Thus much for *Jewish faith*; but I should not do justice to their character, did I not allow that even among the English Jews there are many who despise such tales. And as to the supposed harsh measures used by the French government to compel the Jews to purchase rustic property, and to till their own land, I have heard some English Jews, examples of industry in their own persons and their families, declare, their brethren on the continent as well able to become agriculturists and vine-dressers now, as they were when in Palestine; and express their conviction that in a short time they may be even thankful for this wholesome compulsion; which, we may add, will naturally tend to dignify them in the eyes of society, beyond any other measures hitherto adopted.

June 18, 1808. CHRISTIANUS.

REASONS *for the* IMMUNITIES ENJOYED *by the* VENDERS *of* MACKAREL *and* MILK *on the* SABBATH.

IN answer to your correspondent Questiuncula, in your last number, he will find by consulting Buffon's, or any other Natural History, that mackarel is a fish, which, of all others, will the soonest taint after being taken: it is, therefore, allowed to be cried through the streets of London, on account of the impossibility of keeping it fresh till the following day. Milk, your correspondent must observe, may be, and certainly is, had on a Saturday, for that day's use only. Cows must be milked on a Sunday, otherwise both they and their milk would be injured; which is not the case with other commodities, such as roots, herbs, &c. Milk is, therefore, allowed to be cried on Sunday, not only to accommodate the inhabitants with it, immediately from the cow; but likewise to benefit the cow-keeper, who could not so well dispose of it when kept a whole day and night. If this explanation is considered satisfactory, your inserting it will oblige,

Yours, &c.

Bolton-le-moors, SOLUTIO.
July 8, 1808.

The Bee.—No. IX.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia nos. Lucretius.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

THE viceroy, who commanded in Barcelonia in 1705, being obliged to surrender it to his lordship, agreed with him upon the articles of capitulation. But, before they were signed, they were surprised by the most frightful cries from the city. "You have deceived us, my lord," said the viceroy: "we have depended upon your honour, and yet the English have entered the town by the ramparts. They murder: they plunder: they violate." "You must be mistaken," said his lordship, "they are the troops of the Prince of Darmstadt. Only suffer me and my English to go into the city; we will soon put a stop to their devastations." He ran into the city with some of his troops, and found the Germans searching the houses of the principal inhabitants. He made them quit their plunder, and drove them from the city. He found the Duchess of Popoli surrounded by the soldiers, who were using her with great rudeness, whom he safely delivered to her husband; and having restored peace to the city, he returned to the gate, and signed the capitulation.

CHARLES XII.

The Princess Lubomirsky, (who, in 1705, was in the interest of Augustus, King of Poland, then at war with Sweden) to avoid the confusion that prevailed in that unhappy country, fled privately into Germany, but was waylaid and taken, with her plate, jewels, and a considerable sum of money, by Lieutenant-colonel Hagen, a Swedish officer. As soon as Charles heard of this adventure, he wrote, with his own hand, to the colonel,—"As I do not make war with women, you will, as soon as you receive this, set your prisoner at liberty, and restore all that belongs to her: and if you think the rest of the way not sufficiently safe for her to travel, you will escort her yourself to the borders of Saxony."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

The great Gustavus Adolphus, like our immortal Lord Nelson, in the midst of his conquests, preserved sentiments of modesty and piety rarely to be found in a conqueror surrounded with glory. On his return into Saxony, soon after the battle of Butzen, the people received him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. Turning to his chaplain, Fabricius, he said, "All this really hurts me: but I hope God will not punish me for the folly of this people. Do not you see that these people consider me as something more than human? Great God! thou art my witness, how very different these vain applauses are from the sentiments of my heart!"

ORIGIN OF A SINGULAR POLISH CUSTOM.

The Polish noblemen have their heads shaved, with the exception only of a circular patch of short hair, about three or four inches diameter, on the crown. The origin of this custom took its rise as far back as the commencement of the reign of Casimir I. in the year 1041. After the death of Miecislaw II. (the father of Casimir), Richsa, his widow, became regent of the kingdom during the long interregnum which ensued. Richsa was an ambitious and unprincipled woman; and her oppressive exactions raised at length such commotions, that she was compelled to a precipitate flight into Saxony for the security of her own person and that of the young prince. Casimir, an only son, was soon after conveyed to *Lutetia*, (Paris), a city, renowned even at this early period as the seat of the sciences and of polite manners. Here he was instructed in all the learning and accomplishments of the time. Meanwhile, the Poles, having passed through all the forms of anarchy, were at length urged by their distress to wish for a king, and it was resolved to recall their lawful prince. But the place of his retreat was unknown. Casimir, chagrined at his degradation, became disgusted with the world, and had sought an asylum in the Abbey of Clugni. Here the Polish ambassadors ultimately found him, and explained the object of their mission. But the prince was no longer at liberty. He had already passed his noviciate, and had even become a deacon. From these sacred engagements, none but the Pope

could liberate him; and which he at length consented to do only on the following conditions:—1, That the Poles should contribute each an annual sum of money in perpetuity, for the maintenance of a lamp in the church of St. Peter.—2, That all the nobles, on great festivals, during the sacrifice, should wear about the neck a stole of linen, similar to that worn by the priests and deacons.—3, That the Poles thenceforward should *all wear their hair in the form of a crown*, after the manner of the monks of that period.

RIGHT OF NOBILITY IN POLAND.

According to the ancient Polish laws, the circumstance's constituting a noble were either the actual possession of a freehold estate, or the being able to prove descent from ancestors formerly possessing a freehold estate; the following of no trade, nor profession, and the being at liberty to chuse his place of abode.

ILLUSTRATION OF A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

Mr. William Shaw in his "Analysis of the Gaelic Language," gives the following curious illustration of a Scotch custom.—"There is a species of poetry," says he, "peculiar to the Gael, called *Jurram* and *Orain luathaidh*. The music of the *Jurram* has always that mixture of grandeur and melancholy that never fails to gain its end. They are sung on board of ships and *buirlings* by the sailors when they row or work, to deceive the time The subject is generally the life and actions of some chief or relation. The language is such as to express the sentiments and actions described; the music, expression, and stroke of the oars, coinciding in such exact time, both the sailor and the passenger forget their hardships and fatigue, even in the most inclement seasons. The *Orain luathaidh*, with the same view, is sung when they work on shore, and derives its name from *luathaidh*, milling or fulling. Till very lately, fulling of cloths by mills was not known in the Highlands, and in some parts is not yet introduced. They fulled their cloth by laying it wet on an extended frame of rods wattled together, around which were placed as many women as could conveniently be employed, who by an alternate motion of their feet, kept the cloth in perpetual rotation. One of them, in the mean time, sung the verse, and all the rest at once joined in the chorus. And even at this day, when these songs are sung in genteel company, a lady's handkerchief or a gentleman's bonnet supplies the place of the piece of cloth, every one laying hold of a corner. The time of this species of singing is not so quick as that of the reel, nor so slow as the *Jurram*. It is, however, exceedingly lively, and justifies what a French gentleman observed of the Scots music: *La musique Ecossoise sur tout pour le divertissement et toucher le cœur.*

Some Observations upon the Rhetoric of the BAR, *the* PULPIT, *and the* SENATE; *together with cursory remarks upon the mechanical part of Oratory. By Mr.* YELVERTON.

SIR,

THE indulgence which you shewed to my observations upon Thomson, (See vol. IX. p. 125) a continuation of which I shall shortly have the pleasure of sending you, induces me to offer you the following remarks upon the subject of oratory.

Rhetoric is, itself, a captivating and an alluring science. Among the various methods adopted to interest and direct the passions of mankind, this has been one which, from the earliest ages of civilised society, has been employed. Cicero, indeed, attributes its invention to the man who first persuaded his fellow creatures to congregate into society.

Every man, however uncultivated his mind may be, possesses the rhetoric of nature: the spontaneous warmth and energy of language which flow from strong internal sensations. This rhetoric, often more eloquent than that which is the offspring of study, forms a kind of natural barrier against the oppressions of despotism under every shape. That it often appears, with sublime energy, in the untutored savage, the following instance, selected from many, will prove.

A negro who was being tried, after having made a manly speech, was told that the torture should make him confess his crimes. His veins swelled with indignation: his frame

shook; dignity flashed from his eyes: he exclaimed, "Massera, the tygers have trembled for these hands," holding them up, "and dare you think to threaten me with your wretched instruments? No. I despise the utmost tortures you can invent, as much as I do the pitiful wretch who is going to inflict them."—*(See Stedman's Surinam.)*

But this inherent oratory is by no means of equal growth. In some bosoms it burns with unextinguishable ardour; and is prompt at every call, to second the feelings of the heart, and to give utterance to those ideas which are excited in the mind. In others it has a niggard growth; it is dull and lethargic, and can be rouzed only by great events; while others again scarcely acknowledge enough of it to preserve their own rights undiminished, and to secure those immunities which are granted alike to every man. These last, however, form so poor, so humble, and so despicable a part of the species, as scarcely to merit the human appellation; for, he who so completely stifles the voice of nature, so calmly bends to the contumely which wealth or power may be prompted to heap upon him, *does* it from a wretched desire to attain some object comparatively worthless, and is content to resign the *proudest* title he owns—the guardian of his honour—to accept the *meanest* he can have—its betrayer and destroyer!

For, where is the man who, yielding himself to the unrestrained suggestions of his bosom, would not remonstrate, and warmly too, against any palpable injustice? Who would not strive to prevent its commission? —or, if committed, would not labour to render it impotent? Is it in the human heart, except when debased by worthless considerations of self-interest, to stifle its honest emotions, and make the countenance a false interpreter of its feelings?—No; the genuine eloquence of nature glows alike in every breast; rude and unpolished, but forcible and resistless; possessing neither the graces of language, the splendour of imagery, nor the varied sweetness of harmony; but abundant in natural expression, flowing uncontaminated from the source of feeling, and accompanied by the expressive gestures which result from reality. And this is the true, the unsophisticated rhetoric of nature!

Sometimes indeed it breaks forth into wild disorder and tumultuous riot; confounding the purposes for which it was given, and defeating its own power by an intemperate use of it. When this happens, as too often it does, we can only regret that, as man is constituted the free director of all the energies he possesses, he should ever be found so fatuous as to pervert *one*, which, if used wisely, would check the inroads of arrogance, and resist the torrent of oppression and injustice.

But far different is that kind of rhetoric which distinguishes the pulpit, the senate, and the bar; which is employed to enforce morality, and to diffuse the precepts and injunctions of religion; to assert the liberties of a nation; to watch over the preservation of those liberties in all their ramifications; and *sometimes* to support the immutable dictates of justice!

Here—passion is to be feigned; and art is to supply the place of nature. But the deception is often so exquisite, that the keenest penetration is unable to discover it. The feelings of the orator catch sometimes a spark of animation from his subject, and he almost forgets that he is a supposititious being; that he is embodying, not his own sensations arising from an *individual* view of the circumstance, but the supposed emotions of others: he ceases to be that isolated being he first appeared, and connects himself by a thousand points of contact, by a thousand similarities of feeling with persons whom he never perhaps beheld! and he then rises to all the sublimity of which the science is susceptible: appears like one inspired; and threatens or appeals, denounces or implores, with irresistible fire, and energy, and pathos!

It will readily be imagined, that this is a point of excellence rarely attained; and that, when it *is* attained, the orator must possess the most unlimited command over our passions. Few indeed have reached that perfection which enables them so effectu-

ally to personate that, which they are not; to assume fictitious feelings, and to depict those feelings in the most vivid colours. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that he may be so connected with his compatriots, by a common cause, as to destroy that isolated situation already mentioned; then (if he be endowed by nature with the requisite qualifications) he becomes grand and majestic! then indeed he renders our feelings tributary to his eloquence, and communicates a portion of his ardour to every bosom! Every ear listens with reciprocal attention; every heart feels with kindred emotions; his words awaken a responsive chord in every breast, and thrill each nerve with correspondent passion! With such emotions must Cicero and Demosthenes have been heard, when the one denounced a traitor who plotted the destruction of the senate and the whole Roman people; and the other, anathematized a conquering monarch, who would have overran Greece with his armies, and enslaved for ever the Athenians!

But this kind of rhetoric is rare in its existence, and still more rare in its application. Not indeed that those occasions are infrequent wherein it *might* be applied; but that virtuous, independent, and eloquent men, who would sacrifice every thing to their country and its prosperity, are not often to be found. Of this eloquence, therefore, as a thing seldom to be met with, except in description, I will say no more; but relinquish the consideration with a sigh, while I mourn that extinction of sentiment which must have preceded its downfall.

The eloquence of the pulpit is indeed of the *first* importance, for surely the considerations of eternal felicity are superior to all others! Man, absorbed and surrounded by the ever-changing scenes of this life, living only for the world, and the enjoyment of its pursuits, requires a forcible appeal to his feelings to convince him that a life of pleasure is a life of guilt; that its fascinations "grow with our growth," and take at last such firm hold upon the heart as to triumph undismayed! He is not easily impelled to forego that bliss he has so long rioted in; to exchange *certain* happiness (according to *his* limited ideas) for that future felicity which he has hardly contemplated sufficiently to believe its existence! He clings to temporal joys, and rests in seeming apathy with regard to what may come hereafter.

Such must be awakened from their fatal lethargy by the thunder of sacred eloquence; and *such*, form unfortunately the majority of mankind. But the oratory of the pulpit has not a very extensive range; it is necessarily restricted, from the similarity of the subjects which are susceptible of its embellishments.

In turning our attention to the senate, a grand field opens to our sight, where flowers of every hue, of every varied odour, and of every growth, alternately flourish. Here a theatre is displayed, whereon rhetoric may appear in all its various shapes; from the bitter Phillipic and the harsh invective to the gentle remonstrance and the modest hesitation. Here are discussed topics which interest the minds of all, from their connection with *every* man. Here, the most momentous questions are agitated; whether with respect to the immunities of human nature, the political rights of empires, or the preservation of private right, wherever its existence may be defective. Innumerable, indeed, are the subjects, which at one time or other come before such an assembly for their decision; and hence the immense opportunities which offer, for the display of every kind of rhetorical excellence.

Nor is the bar deficient in such opportunities. The oppressions of petty tyranny; the vindictive efforts of rankling malice; the injustice of moral depravity; the violations of domestic peace and of friendly security; the perpetrations of homicidal ruffians: and the commission of crimes, too heinous, too black, to be here enumerated, all receive at the bar of public justice their due punishment: and the unhappy victims of each, obtain there also restitution for the wrongs they have suffered. Such is the case, when unperverted justice is allowed to have her sway; unobstructed by chicanery, and the "glorious uncertainty of law." And what a scope is here offered to the orator!

With what energy may he plead the sufferings of the oppressed, with what warmth may he depict the guilt of the oppressor! How may he bring the whole scene before the mental eye of those who are sitting in judgment, and rouse their feelings just to that height, which may make them fully conscious of the heinousness of the crime he is denouncing! With what pathos may he deplore the wreck of *his* peace, who fondly courted his destroyer, beneath the specious mark of friendship; then, abruptly breaking off, express his horror and detestation of the delinquent, who could use one of the most sacred ties in this world, for the base and ungenerous purposes of deception and destruction.

In fact, endless are the subjects that here present themselves, and are highly susceptible of rhetorical ornament. And let not him whose profession it is, neglect this acquisition; for he should remember, that as every man is easier impelled by his passions than his reason, he thus becomes capable of defending with increased power and effect, the rights and privileges of his fellow creatures.

But there is also a mechanical part of oratory, which must not be neglected by him who aspires to perfection in this art: an art encompassed with so many difficulties that Cicero thought it worth his while to consider by what circumstances it happened, that while poets, painters, musicians, &c. were numerous and excellent, orators were so few. Perhaps, indeed, an easier and more obvious solution of this might be found than that which Cicero adopts: but this is foreign from my present purpose; which is to offer a few general observations upon pronunciation, emphasis, gesture, &c.

A certain compass and modulation of voice is undoubtedly a primary requisite: and next, may be added a distinct and slow utterance, with great correctness of pronunciation. There is nothing more vile and ungracious than a uniform rapidity either reading or talking. Unless each letter and syllable receive their full and just enunciation, it is impossible that a delivery can be correct, or *always* intelligible. The voice becomes monotonous, as it is absolutely incapable of changing its tones with sufficient celerity to accompany the motions of the tongue; and the hearers are no more affected by what is spoken or recited, than if they were listening to a foreign language which they did not understand. *Sometimes* indeed, a hurry of expression is allowable, and may be introduced with great propriety, as it gives considerable warmth to discourse; but, the cases being very rare wherein this *would* be an embellishment, it requires great judgment to ascertain them with exactitude.

It would be useless to attempt laying down rules for the *propriety of pronunciation*, which consists in giving to each word that peculiar sound which is most correct, and consonant to the most polite usage. This can be acquired only by oral instruction; but it is of the first importance to every man who aspires to the praise of an elegant delivery; and is just the reverse of what is called a vulgar, broad, or provincial pronunciation.

An orator's first wish is to be understood: his second, to excite sentiments of pleasure, and to command the feelings of the auditors. The former must be obtained by an attention to those points already mentioned; the latter, by assiduously cultivating a command over EMPHASIS, PAUSES, TONES, and GESTURES. It is by a judicious use of these, that he must communicate to his hearers those sensations which agitate his own breast, and fix their minds to the subject he is upon, without leaving them for a moment exposed to the intrusion of adventitious ideas.

On the right management of emphasis depends all the energy and spirit of a discourse; for, without it, languor, disgust, and ambiguity would inevitably ensue It is this which distinctly marks the precise meaning a sentence or even a word is intended to convey; and of so delicate a nature is it, that a totally different idea may be excited if it be misplaced. There is scarcely a simple interrogatory which is not susceptible of two or three, or even more, different meanings, according to the situation of the emphatic word: and if such be the case, how indispensably requisite it is that in a length-

ened discourse every word should receive its just and proper emphasis.

Pauses are either emphatical, or those which the sense require. The former are introduced at the discretion of the orator, to mark any thing that is particularly important; they are likewise often made before pronouncing something that is intended to arrest very strongly the attention of the hearers. When sparingly introduced, and with propriety, they have a good effect: but if, as is too often the case, they be perpetually resorted to, they become mere tricks; and are regarded rather as CLAP-TRAPS, than genuine rhetorical embellishments.

But those pauses are the most frequent which are made to mark the divisions of the sense. These are likewise of use, to allow the speaker opportunities for drawing in his breath, which he should be careful to do, that he may never lose it so as to be perceptible to the auditors. The adjustment of these pauses, forms a very nice and delicate part of oratory; it requires, not only a ear susceptible of harmony, but likewise a vigorous mind capable of discrimination.

Poetry, besides these pauses, has another, which is termed the *cæsural* pause. This usually falls upon the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh syllable: in French poetry, it is uniformly in the middle of the line. When it happens that this pause coincides with that which the sense dictates, then the harmony of the verse may be rendered complete. But sometimes words are so closely connected together when the cæsural pause intervenes, that it is impossible to attend both to the sense and to the harmony; and in which cases the rule undoubtedly is, to sacrifice the latter to the former.

The next subject to be considered is the tone of voice in which any thing ought to be read or spoken. This is a capital point, and should never be neglected. If it be considered, that not only every passion requires a different tone, but likewise, that all the minuter shades of feeling communicate, or ought to communicate, a correspondent variation of voice, it will readily appear, that this is an acquisition not only of difficulty, but of importance. No better rule, however, respecting it can be given, than to observe, as far as possible, what modulations of voice nature would dictate: *She* is an unerring guide; and the nearer we tread in her steps, the nearer we shall approach towards perfection. Above all, we should be careful to avoid forming, as it were, a *system of tones*, which is a very common error, but totally destructive of genuine eloquence. Let the speaker create to himself the idea of reality; and if he forcibly *feel* that idea, he cannot fail in so modulating his voice as to suit it to the expression.

The *gesture*, or *action*, should always be graceful, dignified, and appropriate. In this, as in the acquirement of proper tones, let it be considered in what manner *Nature* would prompt a man to accompany his discourse; for there is no individual so dull, or so phlegmatic, as not to perform some kind of gestures when he is earnest in his conversation, notwithstanding the fantastical opinions of Dr. Johnson upon this subject. This, therefore, we should take for our ground-work; only observing, to shed upon it some of the lighter graces of deportment, and being always careful to maintain a degree of temperance. The advice of Shakspeare, as put into the mouth of the Danish Prince, is just and accurate, and may not be improperly introduced here:—

"Do not saw the air too much with your hands thus: but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. * * * * Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."

I remain, &c.

H. YELVERTON.

Bath, July 7, 1808.

REPLY *to* BARBATUS *on the* BEARD *of* POLONIUS.

Sir,

PERMIT me to correct an error that appeared in your Number for May, of Barbatus', respecting Po-

lonius's beard. I have never witnessed the representation of Hamlet, but Polonius had a beard; and had Barbatus (who perhaps thinks a beard as long as Sheva's or Shylock's necessary) been near the stage, he would have perceived Mr. Munden had a grey grizzled beard, as long as a labourer at the end of a week, which I think fully sufficient to draw that remark from Hamlet. Indeed so great is Mr. Kemble's knowledge of, and attention to, the costume, that it would have been impossible for him to have overlooked such a circumstance.

Mr. Kemble, to whom we are unquestionably indebted for many judicious and elegant alterations in Shakspeare's plays, gave, the other night, to a passage in the above play a new reading, which appears improper. In act iii. scene 2, Hamlet tells Horatio "There is a play to night before the king." In which Mr. K. laying the accent on "there," points to the curtain* at the end of the stage; which I think improper, as Horatio must have known it was to be performed there from the evident preparation.

Southwark, June 23. T. J. J.

Sir,

THE Universalist will make ample allowance for an author's weakness. The following *disjecta membra* are juvenilities, which I can neither recommend, nor prevail upon myself to destroy; but experience has acquainted me with worse productions that have come to light, and with better that "blush unseen." I know not, Sir, if the apology I have to make for these nugatory sketches be admissible, but I am certain how much they need an apology.

But these, Sir, are only the heralds of other dramatic misdemeanours, about to appear in the second Number of a new publication, called *The Dramatic Appellant*; where an appeal will be made to the public, for which I would make some preparation; to obtain attention, if not to create a favourable prepossession. The result of this application must determine whether or not you are disposed to second the intention of, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

T. D. W.

IMITATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Seditious Writings.

——— Oh! I have read
Unanswerable theory, that mocks
All practice: many a busy brain has wrought
Bold, specious doctrines, which have swell'd the mob,
As winds the waves:—to counteract the storm,
With cunning old and new, bewilder'd works
The shrewd state-pilot:—mark the issue now!—
The billows waste their fury and subside.
The gust blown o'er, the frighted crew at once
Regain their reason, and the state her safety.

Merits Foes her Friends.

These petty foes do merit more advance,
As insect bloom detects the rip'ning plum.

Want of Recollection.

Alas! my memory has miss'd her home,
And darkly wanders on a trackless wild.

Self-conceit.

——— A formal egotist, a prig:
One whose least finger cannot ache, but straight
The cause is methodically trac'd.
Arm'd with contagious dulness, he doth choke [youth.
The quick'ning flame of genius, and of

The Tavern Area.

Where the lean beggar, like the hungry hawk,
With eye and appetite conjointly keen,
Oft hovers dinnerless.

The condemned Captive.

After his long captivity, condemn'd
At last to die!—to die upon the wheel!
Infernal engine!—So the wretched worm
Crawls from her humid dungeon in the earth,
To agonizing death, the sable rook
Her slow and clumsy executioner.

Rural Repose.

Oft on a summer's eve, in woodland shades,
When the red sun did glimmer thro' the trees;
I've laid me down upon a lonesome bank,
And lull'd by distant rural sounds, have slept,
Till night's grey clouds bedimm'd the vagrant moon.

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* The stage erected for Hamlet's players. I have seen Mr. K. in Hamlet repeatedly, and, till the last two or three times of his acting it, he has never given the passage in that manner.

Mr. BURDON *to the* EDITOR.

Sir,

BE kind enough to notice an error I have committed in my last paper. I said there is no evidence of any Gothic nation being converted to Christianity, which on a moment's reflection I found to be a mistake.—My meaning was, that there is no building in the stile called Gothic, which was built during the existence of a Gothic nation.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
July 16th, 1808.

COINCIDENCE BETWEEN THOMAS PAINE *and Dr.* CONWAY MIDDLETON *on the* TRUE REVELATION.

Sir,

WHEN Mr. Paine first said, the creation was the true revelation of God, the idea was new to me, and I have heard him say that it was so to him; but I have lately met, in the writings of Dr. Conway Middleton, (published in the beginning of the last century) with the same sentiments with respect to the creation, as those of Mr. Paine, and which, for the gratification of your readers, I will transcribe.

Middleton was principal librarian of the University of Cambridge, in England, which furnished him with extensive opportunities of reading, and necessarily required he should be well acquainted with the dead as well as the living languages.

He was a man of a strong original mind; had the courage to think for himself, and the honesty to speak his thoughts.

He made a journey to Rome, from whence he wrote letters to shew that the forms and ceremonies of the Romish Christian Church, were taken from the degenerate state of the heathen mythology, as it stood in the latter times of the Greeks and Romans. He attacked, without ceremony, the miracles which the church pretended to perform, and in one of his treatises he calls the *creation a revelation.*

The priests of England of that day, in order to defend their citadel, by first defending its out-works, attacked him for attacking the Romish ceremonies; and one of them censures him for calling the *creation* a *revelation.* He thus replies to him:

"One of them," says he," appears to be scandalized by the title of *revelation*, which I have given to that discovery which God made of himself in the visible works of his creation. Yet it is no other than what the wise in all ages have given to it: who consider it as the most authentic and indisputable revelation which God has ever given of himself, from the beginning of the world to this day. It was this by which the first notice of him was revealed to the inhabitants of the earth, and by which alone it has been kept up ever since among the several nations of it.

"From this the reason of man was enabled to trace out his nature and attributes, and by a gradual deduction of consequences, to learn his own nature also, with all the duties belonging to it which relate either to God or to his fellow creatures.

"This constitution of things was ordained by God, as an universal law or rule of conduct to man; the source of all his knowledge, the test of all truth, by which all subsequent revelations which are *supposed* to have been given by God in any other manner, must be tried, and cannot be received as divine any further than as they are found to tally and coincide with this original standard.

"It was this divine law which I referred to in the passage above recited, (meaning the passage on which they had attacked him) being desirous to excite the reader's attention to it, as it would enable him to judge more freely of the argument I was handling.

"For by contemplating this law, he would discover the genuine way which God himself has marked out to us for the acquisition of true knowledge; not from the authority or reports of our fellow-creatures, but from the information of the facts and material objects, which in his providential distribution of worldly things, he hath presented to the perpetual observation of our senses. For as it was from these that his existence and nature, the most important articles of all knowledge, were first discovered to man, so that grand discovery furnished new light towards tracing out the rest, and made all the inferior subjects of human knowledge more

easily discoverable to us by the same method.

"I had another view likewise in the same passages, and applicable to the same end, of giving the reader a more enlarged notion of the question in dispute, who, by turning his thoughts to reflect on the works of the creator, as they are manifested to us in this fabric of the world, could not fail to observe that they are all of them great, noble, and suitable to the majesty of *his nature*; carrying with them the proofs of their origin, and shewing themselves to be the productions of an *all-wise* and *all-mighty* being: and by accustoming his mind to these sublime reflections, he will be prepared to determine whether those miraculous interpositions so confidently affirmed to us by the primitive fathers, can reasonably be thought to make a part in the grand scheme of divine administration: or whether it be agreeable, that God, who created all things by his will, and can give what turn to them he pleases by the same will, should, for the particular purposes of his government and the services of the church, *descend to the low expedient of visions and revelations*, granted sometimes to boys for the instructions of the elders, and sometimes to women to settle the length and fashion of their veils, and sometimes to the pastors of the church, to enjoin them to ordain one man a lecturer, another a priest: or that he should scatter a profusion of miracles around the stake of a martyr, yet all of them vain and insignificant, and without any sensible effect either of preserving the life or easing the sufferings of the saint, or even of mortifying his persecutors, who were always left to enjoy the full triumph of their cruelty, and the poor martyr to expire in a miserable death.

"When these things, I say, are brought to the original test, and compared with the genuine and indisputable works of the creator, how minute, how trifling, how contemptible must they be! And how incredible must it be thought, that for the instruction of his church, God should employ ministers so precarious, unsatisfactory, and inadequate, as the extacies of women and boys, and the visions of interested priests, which were derided at the very time by men of sense, to whom they were proposed.

"That this universal law (continues Middleton, meaning the law revealed in the works of the creation) was actually revealed to the heathen world long before the gospel was known, we learn from all the principal sages of antiquity, who made it the capital subject of their studies and writings.

"Cicero," says Middleton, "has given us a short abstract of it in a fragment still remaining, from one of his books on government, which I shall here transcribe in his own words, as they will illustrate my sense also, in the passages that appear so dark and dangerous to my antagonists."

"'The true law (it is Cicero who 'speaks) is right reason, conformable 'to the nature of things, constant, 'eternal, diffused through all; which 'calls us to duty by commanding; 'deters us from sin by forbidding; 'which never loses its influence with 'the good, nor ever preserves it with 'the wicked.

"'This law cannot be overruled 'by any other, nor abrogated in 'whole, or in part; nor can we be 'absolved from it either by the se'nate or by the people; nor are we to 'seek any other comment or inter'preter of it but itself: nor can there 'be one law at Rome, and another at 'Athens; one now, and another 'hereafter; but the same eternal im'mutable law comprehends all na'tions, at all times, under one com'mon master and governor of all—'God.

"'He is the inventor, propounder, 'enactor of this law; and whoever 'will not obey it must first renounce 'himself and throw off the nature of 'man; by doing which, he will suffer 'the greatest punishments, though he 'should escape all the other torments 'which are commonly believed to be 'prepared for the wicked.'

"Our doctors (continues Middleton) perhaps, will look on all this as rank *deism*; but let them call it what they will, I shall ever avow and defend it, as the fundamental, essential, and vital part of all true religion."

I am Sir,

Your humble servant,

CLIO RICKMAN.

The LITERARY PROGRESS *of* PAUL PLAINTIVE: *shewing his* WARS *with* AUTHORS *and* BOOKSELLERS.

Sir,

TO complain, however ineffectual or nugatory complaint may be, has ever been the privilege of the unfortunate: nor have they often neglected to indulge themselves in clamorous regrets and vain repentances, for that which no human prescience could foresee, or prudence remedy. As I therefore unfortunately belong to the numerous tribe of the *Querimonists*, I intend to exert the privilege I possess, and to yell out my dolorous declamations, in the form of an epistle.

You must know, Sir, I am by profession an author, and have written many admired pieces; at least so my *friends tell me*. When I left the forming hand of my schoolmaster, I used to compose sonnets, elegies, and odes, all of which were exceedingly admired—*by my friends*. These occasionally adorned the Parnassian corner of some periodical publication, and my heart was elate, when I beheld the offspring of my brain, in the form of printed letters, and upon hot-pressed paper. I then aspired to the dignity and elegance of prose, and having just fallen in love, I wrote an "Essay on Marriage," which was highly praised—*by my friends*—and indeed, Mr. Editor, I could not myself help thinking it was excellent; for, having read Godwin, and imbibed his towering thoughts, I fearlessly asserted that "it is an undoubted fact, that that man is wise, who can act consonant to his own feelings!" But such is the fate of all sublunary things! —while I was enjoying in crested pride, the self-complacencies of an author, lo! a merciless brother author attacked my Essay, ridiculed my opinions, and finally declared that my arguments were like "two grains of wheat hid under two bushels of chaff, for which we may search all day before we find them, and when we do, they are not worth the search."—However, Sir, this mortification I soon forgot; and never wrote for the same work any more, since the Editor was so ungrateful. But I believe he was piqued, poor man.

After this, I furnished a number of pretty articles for the newspapers, but always *incog*; till at length a friend of mine, Mr. METAPHOR, meeting me one day in Fleet-street, clasped me by the hand, and with a significant smile, told me my fortune was made. "Yes, yes, my friend! The sun of prosperity and fame begins to dawn over the vale of obscurity in which thy genius has so long been hidden; an aperture appears, and you may enter!" "My dear Mr. Metaphor," I replied, "tell me what it is you mean." "Ah, my boy! now for your essays, and your criticisms, and your poetry, and——" "But," I again interrupted, "to what does all this allude?" "Allude! look here," said he, pulling a paper from his pocket, "here it is—there, read."

I snatched the paper eagerly from his hand, and, with a palpitating heart, perused it. It was the prospectus of a new work; a new Magazine: and it professed the most liberal sentiments. I folded it up again, returned it to my friend METAPHOR, and squeezing him by the hand, bade him adieu! I did not stop to hear his flowery farewel, but, hastening to my garret, composed "An Essay on Luxury," over some bread and cheese and porter. This I dispatched to the publisher, and the next month it ornamented the columns of his Magazine. This I thought my masterpiece, as did also—*my friends*; for you must know, Sir, that I had intermingled a great deal of metaphysics; though to be sure at that time (and I tell it you as a secret) my metaphysical learning was confined solely to Chapter I. § 1. of Locke; but *n'importe; I* made *use* of metaphysical words, and left my reader to make *sense* of them.

Here then I triumphed without an opponent for some time; till, unluckily, I one day resolved to enter the field of controversy; and therefore opposed somebody *without differing* from what he had *said*. I thought nothing of that however, for I knew that I was not the only one who writes for *bread*, and not for *truth*; who take up one side of an argument, not because they think it right, but because it will make a pamphlet. But to proceed.

As I said before, I entered the field of controversy, and wrote a marvellous long essay to prove that Kotzbue is a better dramatist than Shakspeare. But this did not please; and I was horribly attacked the next month, not only by the author whom I had opposed, but by another who was only a spectator of the fray; and who, truth to say, wrote most virulently considering he was not a principal in the controversy. However, I was not now to be scared by opposition, and I boldly wrote in my own defence a long letter; but this did not please the Editor, and therefore was rejected. Enraged, I disdained his work, and I never furnished him with any more articles. Now, were I inclined to be vain, I could tell you, Mr. Editor, what my friends told me, that in consequence of my secession, the Magazine lived only two months, and then expired!

After the death of this younger son of the *Monthlies*, I continued to support many of his elder brethren, and particularly the "*European*" and the "*Gentleman's*." But about this time another object called my attention, and this was no less than the redoubted "*Porcupine*." Here I wrote a flaming letter to a celebrated statesman, which was equal to Junius—*as my friends said*—and I expected to have had a flaming reply; but I know not how it was—the roarings of my pen were heard in silence. I have no doubt, however, had that paper continued, I should, from the inflammable nature of my constitution, have caught some of that political furor which animates the bosom of Mr. Cobbett, and like him I should have abused every character of eminence, from Lord Hawksbury, and H. Addington, to Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Otto.

Some ebon tears of condolence fell from my pen at the incongrous junction, and subsequent decease of this my much-esteemed friend; and now, tired of writing only for fame, and that sometimes anonymous, I resolved to write a book and publish it. But though the first part of my resolve was easily performed, I found, alas! manifold obstructions in carrying the other into execution. New difficulties here arose, and I had to cope with ignorance, avarice, and suspicion. But my wars with these formidable opponents shall form the subject of another letter; meanwhile I conclude, by subscribing myself most effectionately, your brother, and sincere friend,

PAUL PLAINTIVE.

Over the Water,
July 9, 1808.

On the SALE *of* MILK.

Mr. Editor,

A CORRESPONDENT having in your last number expressed a wish to learn the cause why a privilege is allowed to the venders of Milk; I shall endeavour to explain what I conceive to be the cause.

The immense consumption of that article in and about the metropolis, renders it impossible for the venders to meet the increased demand which would arise from a double quantum being required on the Saturday, as the animals from whom this article is obtained, *not being aware* of the sacredness of the seventh day, do not produce an adequate supply on the sixth to answer the anticipating demand which would thereby arise.

This, Sir, is my opinion, hastily expressed; and I trust you will give it admission in your miscellany. I am respectfully, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,
Finsbury, A. S.
18*th July*, 1808.

The Editor has omitted the first part of the letter of A. S, because another correspondent (see p. 26) had anticipated his opinions: but with regard to Milk, *the reason suggested by A.S. is probably preferable.*

THE CONTEMPLATIST.

No. IX.

—— *Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,*
Et quorum pars magna fui. . . .
Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit;
Incipiam. —— VIRGIL.

THE recollection of the sufferings endured by the lamented JULIA, whose unfortunate narrative has been given in the course of my lucubrations*, was still fresh in my memory,

* See vol. VIII. p. 413. and vol. IX. p. 117.

when I received the following communication through the hands of my publisher:—

SIR,

I KNOW no person to whom I can so properly address myself on the present occasion, as yourself; for you have acquired a sort of right to be acquainted with the last moments of one whose agonies of mind you have contributed to soothe. Julia ———, whose melancholy story you have given to the world, and whose fate will, I hope, prove a lesson to the cruelty of parental tyranny, and operate as a check upon the ardour of youthful love; Julia, whose heart was pure, and whose principles were right, even in the midst of vice and misery—is now no more! She breathed her last in these arms!

I, Sir, am that "dear friend" she mentions, who, when she first transgressed, strove in vain to stand between her and her father's curses. I fruitlessly endeavoured to prevail upon her to remain in her native place, and try what repeated solicitations might do, operating upon decaying parental anger. But her pride was too great: she felt that she was innocent, and that the rigid severity of her father was beyond the measure of her offence. When she left me to go to London, I contributed by my counsel to fortify her resolutions of virtue; and for some time after her residence in this metropolis, she continued to correspond with me. I diligently urged her to a perseverance in this, because her letters were a source of comfort both to myself and to her unhappy mother; to whom I always shewed them, and whose venerable eyes never yet perused them but with a flood of tears. These letters, for some time, were written with all the evident marks of a composed and tranquil mind; but latterly they became less frequent and less coherent; they seemed to be produced by some uncommon perturbation of feeling; and, in my answers, I sought only to soothe this apparent state of anxiety; but she took no notice of my endeavours, and the last letter I ever received from her was the following:—

"Maria!—Weep for me, pray for me! Merciful God! what am I now! Tell my father, tell my unrighteous sire, his unhallowed curses fasten on me!—What a gulph yawns before me!—Dear, dear friend, these lines are blotted with hot and scalding tears that fall quick from my galled eyes—My hand trembles—Maria! you once loved me—Oh, my mother! meek, unoffending parent, where is now your once adored Julia?—Julia, whose smile welcomed you in the morning—whose parting kiss at night, imprinted on your honoured lips, was the blessing that charmed you into sleep—Oh, Maria! I conjure you mention no my name to her—for I am lost to her, to you, to myself, to the world—to God!"—

You will easily conceive, Sir, that I read this letter with feelings of no common poignancy: and the first thought that occurred to my mind was, that my unhappy friend, driven to the last extremes of poverty, had wrought her mind up to the horrid purpose of self murder. Full of this idea, I became wretched. I could not, in mercy, shew the letter to her mother: I beguiled her with various accounts; and, meanwhile, wrote several letters to Julia, but received no answer: the last two indeed were returned to me under cover from the general post office—for Julia was not to be found! My suspicions were now confirmed, and I wept over her memory as of one in another state of being. Her mother I suffered to remain in dubious anxiety, not having resolution to communicate the whole to her. Sometimes indeed I hoped she might be living, for with trembling solicitude I sought the public papers, but met with nothing that positively confirmed the circumstance of her self-destruction.

Some months passed away in this state of uncertainty, and during which time her father paid the debt of nature. I was the witness of his last moments; and I witnessed them with horror. He was a proud and a stubborn man: a man who would persist in error, rather than acknowledge himself wrong. In the first effervescence of his rage, he had forbidden his daughter her home: and from that moment he would never suffer any person to mention her name. But his inward feelings were visible by their outward effects. He

was no longer gay and cheerful: he lost his relish for discourse and company: his days were spent in moody silence, and his nights in sleepless restlessness he rarely walked out, for he felt that every finger was pointed at him as a cruel and unjust father every look of his wife seemed to reproach him as the barbarous murderer of her earthly joys; he grew sullen and reserved he looked no man in the face and he was a slow but deserved victim to the canker of an accusing conscience. His health declined, and at length confined him to his chamber. There I often visited him; and though my presence revived the recollection of his daughter, yet he delighted to see me. But he never spoke of her. How deeply, however, the sense of his rigid conduct, and of her innocence affected him, the following instance will prove.

One day as he was turning over some loose papers that had been placed in a small writing desk, a sudden tremulous start of the whole body, accompanied with an expression of uncommon agony in his countenance, alarmed me. I sprung towards him, and enquired if he was unwell? He looked at me, but made no answer; and I saw that his eyes were full of tears. He dropped the lid of the desk, but suddenly lifted it up again his agitation increased; his tears flowed drops of perspiration started from his brows, and he sobbed aloud. When he saw me about to speak, he hastily quitted the room. There was something so strange in all this, that I ventured to trespass upon the limits of confidence, and looked into his desk. Alas! I saw the cause of his distress. There was an interesting sketch of Julia, drawn in crayons by herself, and under which her father had written with a pencil *My dear child.* The unexpected sight of this had overcome him, for she there appeared, as in truth she was, lovely and innocent: I could not myself behold it without emotion.

It was but a few days after this that he finished his earthly career. In the morning he had received the sacrament; but this solemn rite did not shed that holy calm which it is wont to do, over the dying moments of the good man. There was something awfully shocking in his look. His eyes had a fixed and terrific glare: his nostrils were expanded: his teeth gnashed his breathing was short and loud his fleshless hands grasped convulsively the bed clothes his grey hairs, matted with perspiration, were erect. on his hollow cheeks stood big drops of sweat: and sometimes he would dash his hands forwards, as if to drive away something horrible that strove to approach him.—in this state I sat and watched him, till nature, growing to a close, struggled harder with her adversary; and at last, he sunk back upon his pillow and expired, exclaiming "Julia! forgive me!"

May every parent who reads this passage, and who beholds here no fictitious woes, no imaginary colouring, learn to moderate the power which nature and society have placed in their hands; and ere they doom a guiltless child to want, to misery, and to vice—ere they interdict the most powerful and the most natural feelings of the human heart—ere they attempt to establish their authority upon the ruins of the temporal felicity of their offspring—may they reflect, that there is an awful monitor lodged in the breast of man, which aroused, plants scorpion stings round every future step of life; renders what is past hateful, what is to come horrible: which makes its victim sick of existence, and yet afraid to die! a state, surely so dreadful, as to be beyond the power of the pen to exaggerate.

After the death of this unhappy parent, the mother of Julia became a sorrowing and a melancholy inmate of my abode. When the poignancy of her grief had subsided, it left only a mild and tender solemnity of manner, which interested the feelings of all who knew her. Many an hour have we passed in fruitless conjecture upon the fate of Julia, and when we had exhausted hope, and admitted the suggestions of probability, our tears have mingled together in commiseration of her hapless lot. Reports, various and contradictory, were, from time to time, brought to us; but they only served to excite

expectations which were fruitless, or to deepen despair.

Thus had many months elapsed, when accident threw into my way the second letter, which Julia had addressed to you, Sir*. I perceive that she referred to a former one†, which I immediately procured, and read; but the apology with which you introduced her second letter, alarmed me; and, indeed, I accused you of culpable negligence for suffering so long a time to intervene between them. I had no doubt she was my unhappy friend; but I feared your delay had left no opportunity for me to see her alive. There was indeed another difficulty, which I despaired of overcoming, and that was to discover her abode. Nothing, however, was to be left unattempted. I did not communicate the circumstance to her mother; but upon the plea of urgent business I immediately set off for London.

My first step was to proceed to the place where I had formerly addressed to her, while she corresponded with me. I thought it might, perhaps, form the commencement of a clue that would eventually crown my wishes. I was not disappointed. I was directed to several places where she had successively resided, though under a *different name*. When I heard this I doubted not of the course she had taken, and I almost wished that I might *not* behold her. At length I traced her to the very street, which corresponded with the initial and final letters, as placed by her at the bottom of her letter to you.

It was a dirty narrow street, in the most wretched part of this metropolis. I was almost afraid to encounter so much vice and filth as presented itself. I persevered, however, and found the very house. My feelings were now at their highest. I feared, yet wished to ask for her. With a trembling hand I raised the knocker. A squalid little girl, the picture of misery and dirt conjoined, opened the door. She seemed startled at my appearance. I made my enquiries. She pointed silently and significantly to a back parlour. I entered; but there was scarcely light enough to see my way along. A ragged blanket was hung up before the window to exclude at once the light and wind. The smell which issued from this abode of wretchedness almost overpowered me. I looked fearfully round the room, but could see nothing. The child, however, conducted me across it, into a low dark closet, where I could just perceive on the floor a human figure extended, covered with a coarse rug. There was a woman sitting down, who was at that moment chafing the temples of the person with vinegar. When I entered, she arose. I asked for *Jane Thomson:* the woman pointed to the ground! Merciful heavens! Here then I was to behold the once beauteous, the once happy Julia!

This closet was so dark that I could not discern the features of any person in it. I begged that a candle might be brought, and in the interim I stood lost in a world of conflicting sensations. I could hear nothing but a low breathing from the being that lay before me. I half hoped that I might be in total error; but no; the moment the light appeared, I saw but too well the melancholy ruins of the noble edifice I once loved and honoured. Yes! 'twas JULIA; but oh! how unlike to what I saw her last.

She was slowly recovering from a fainting fit; one of those lapses which nature often undergoes when exhausted by disease and misery. I watched her gradual return to life, but did not speak to her. I was occupied in examining that form and countenance once so familiar to me. Had it not been for certain prominent traits of feature, which could not deceive me, I should in vain have sought to recognise her. Wrapped in coarse and squalid apparel, on the bare ground, with only a tattered rug across her, her head supported upon her arm; the flesh wasted from her cheeks, her temples, her eyes: her countenance meagre and wretched; her hair in disorder; who could have found in such a disguisement of natural character, the bosom friend of our youth?

I asked the woman in a low whispea, how long she had lived here; she answered nearly six months; that she

* See vol. ix. p. 117.

† Vol viii. p. 413.

had pined herself to death, for that she eat little, and wept incessantly; she had been now six weeks in this state, without the hope of living from day to day. I found that this poor woman had attended her with kindness and solicitude, and I took care that she was rewarded for it.

Julia now unclosed her eyes, but the light of the candle seemed to affect them, and it was removed; she caught, however, a glimpse of my face as it passed me, and, uttering a loud shriek, relapsed into her former state.

This was what I feared; but, the first shock over, I hoped would prove the only hurtful consequence of my presence. She remained for some time in this fit, but at length recovered. I signified, by a motion, that I wished the woman to leave us together for awhile. I bent over Julia, and softly pronounced her own name. She started from her pillow, threw her arms convulsively round my neck, hid her face in my bosom, and burst into tears. For some moments she could only utter, with sobs, *Maria, Maria;* and at each mention of my name press me closer to her.

This was a trying moment, and one which my powers of language will not suffer me to do justice to. It was a long, long while, before any thing but mutual tears, sighs, and embracings passed between us.

When, at length, Julia had somewhat recovered from her uncommon agitation, her first question was, in a voice feeble and scarcely articulate, by what strange accident I had discovered her abode. I told her the manner, and she seemed at first to doubt my veracity; but when I explained minutely the way in which I had proceeded, she silently acquiesced, and relapsed into meditation.

I did not yet venture to mention any thing respecting her mother or her own situation; but my first care was to remove her from her present wretched habitation. She unwillingly consented to this, and added, with a mournful emphasis, "it matters not under what roof I breathe my last!" I overcame, however, her scruples, and before evening I had her conveyed, with much difficulty, in a coach, to a lodging at Pentonville. I could perceive, from the manner in which she took leave of the woman of the house, that she had received much kindness at her hands; and I liberally rewarded her before I parted.

As soon as she was comfortably placed in bed, I sent for Dr. L——, whose skill, philanthropy, and purity of character, are so well known. He immediately attended, and seemed, at first, to cherish some hopes of the possibility of her recovery. Heavens! what a cheering sound was that to me. The idea of restoring my poor Julia, once more to her mother, to society, and to virtue, was one that filled me with gladness.

I now wrote to her mother, and with all the preparatory caution that was possible, unfolded to her the circumstance which had happened. I implored her to set off immediately for London, that she might have the consolation, in the worst event, of blessing her dying child.

On the following day Julia seemed much more composed: and towards the evening, as we sat in mutual and interesting discourse, she voluntarily related to me the circumstances of her short, but eventful career in London. It was a simple, but melancholy narrative.

You will learn, Sir, with astonishment, that Henry de la Cour was the one who finally triumphed over her virtue. This circumstance may account for the manner in which she apostrophises him in her first letter to you; and it may read also a useful lesson to mankind. It may shew, that to admit the encounter of vice under any shape, weakens the props of virtue, and in the same proportion, strengthens the ascendancy of our foe; that error, once familiarised to the mind by a contemplation of its nature loses half its repulsive qualities; and that the attacks of iniquity once permitted, no one can say where they will terminate.

Julia, on her first arrival in London, was actuated by honest and virtuous sentiments. In her impetuosity to throw herself upon the world, she knew not to what a froward and illiberal friend she was committing herself. Reading mankind in the volume of her own bosom, she perused them only in romance; and the first bitter lesson she was taught was, that beasts, the most ferocious, have more natural tenderness for their kind than man. Unaided, unbefriended, unpatronised, she roamed a forlorn being through the streets of this metropolis, rejected, despised, and insulted, wherever she applied for the means of honest industry.

One morning as she was retiring from the house of a wealthy citizen, whose wife had enlivened the conversation of his breakfast table, by every species of taunting impertinence towards Julia, (who had applied for a situation there) which malice and ignorance could devise, she met, on the threshold of the door, Henry de la Cour! He was upon terms of intimacy with the family, and was paying a morning visit. The unexpected sight of *him* nearly overcame her, but the pride of virtue came to her aid, and she walked away with the conscious dignity of innocence. Henry followed at a distance, but did not accost her. She reached her humble dwelling in a state of mind more easily imagined than described. She retired to her chamber, and passed the day in tears and fasting.

In the dusk of the evening she was surprised by a loud knock at her chamber door, and on opening it there was a ticket porter with a letter in his hand. It was for her. There was nothing to pay, nor was he to wait for an answer. In the obscure gloom of her chamber she could just perceive that the superscription was in the hand-writing of Henry. She threw it from her with indignant disdain, without attempting to break open the seal. She was lost in conjecture; and at last a grateful thought came across her mind, which awakened the tenderest emotions of love. It might be—she hoped at least it might be—that Henry, sensible of the wrong he had done her, was willing, perhaps implored, to offer her the honourable compensation which might heal the wounds of insulted virtue. She snatched the letter up—she procured a light—she read it. It was so! It breathed accents of the most sincere repentance; it called Heaven to witness the purity of his love; it entreated forgiveness; and it concluded with begging the happiness of an interview on the following day, at an appointed time and place. Julia, poor Julia, retired to her pillow with a happy heart, which beat responsive only to the emotions of the kindest expectations.

She met him. An interview awakened in her breast all her former sentiments. She was again lost in the enthusiasm of passion; and she now regarded Henry as a protecting angel, destined to snatch her from the depths of misery and anguish, and place her on the topmost pinnacle of earthly happiness. He veiled his designs beneath the most studied artifices of language and of manner; and when he affected to be most explicit he was, in fact, most ambiguous.

I will not, Sir, relate minutely all the steps he took to accomplish his unworthy purpose. Julia was already humbled in self-estimation, and nothing so surely leads to moral depravity as the extinction of that dignified principle which teaches us to reverence ourselves. Her love, if possible, was more impetuous than before, while her motives to virtue were probably less. Goaded on by conflicting passions—want, and a jail before her eyes—Julia became the victim of circumstances—She fell before the machinations of that being, whose title to the name of man would have been established, by raising her to an honourable station in society. Tell me, Sir, what language is sufficient to convey an idea of the wretch who circumvents innocence by adding to its dangers, and who triumphs in the success of an enterprize which might add additional impiety to a fiend?

How Julia felt, and how she thought, when she had fallen, may be known from her letter to me, which I have already transcribed.

That letter was written in the first lucid interval after the riotous excesses of guilty pleasure.

Not a drop of blood flowed through the veins of Henry, which was not rank with villainy. Let him read this page, and if he have one human feeling let him tremble. Let the name of Julia smite him like a thunderbolt; and when, in the bitter hour of mortal dissolution, he calls for mercy on his God, Oh! may her shrieks for vengeance deafen the judgment seat of heaven, till mild compassion shall be turned to righteous judgment, and the penalty of all his crimes fall heavy on him!

Pardon me, Sir, if I seem intemperate in my language. Had you seen, as I did, the sufferings of the mild and once happy Julia, you would be moved to equal warmth of expression. This mean, this abject assassin of his victim's peace of mind, soon satiated, soon sickening at his own success, craving, like a hungry vulture, for fresh offals, offered up at the shrine of vice and infamy, abandoned to solitary anguish the deluded partner of his guilt, left her to contend alone with disgrace, with want, and with wretchedness. But the constitution of Julia sunk under the acuteness of her feelings, and she retired to the abode of misery, where I found her, to die unknown and unlamented.

Such was the narrative she communicated to me, and at its conclusion she wept a flood of tears. I sat, unable to offer her consolation, for I was myself a prey to various sensations.

A few days after this her mother arrived. I had previously prepared her for the interview, and she talked as if she could support it. But when she heard the carriage stop at the door, and knew that her beloved parent was in it, her weak frame could not bear up against the struggle, and she was insensible before her mother reached the room. I saw that venerable mother fall on her knees by her bed, and with her daughter's lifeless hand clasped in her's, the tears rolling down her cheeks, return a fervent gratitude to Heaven that she once more beheld her lost child: her kisses, her sighs, her embraces, recalled the fainting Julia to life and recollection: she beheld her dear parent, whose every look spoke forgiveness, she raised herself in the bed, cast herself into her arms, and faintly stammered out—*Mother—Mother*—it was all she could!

Let me not dwell any longer on this painful yet happy scene: let me hasten to a conclusion of my melancholy narrative.

The health of Julia seemed now gradually to re-establish itself; and we had the most sanguine hopes of her perfect recovery. But alas! they were fallacious. The hectic flush of convalescence glowed upon her cheek, while death slowly preyed upon her vitals. She herself indeed never cherished the thought, I may say the wish, of getting well. The silent corrosions of sorrow had penetrated too far: the stamina of life was gone; and she breathed now only by the aid of medicine and cordials. I was happy to see a great change in her state of mind: she seemed more composed: her fortitude changed from the energy of despair to the pious resignation of the christian. She discoursed with calmness upon the hopes of pardon in another world; and rejoiced that she had been able to receive her mother's forgiveness in this. She declined gradually: she grew daily and hourly weaker: and at last sunk into eternity as she reposed her head upon my bosom.

Thus died Julia: and her story may serve to warn the thoughtless, and reprove the vicious: virtue may see its danger, and learn to shun the snares with which it is too often surrounded: and may it impress this truth on every mind—that a life of wickedness must be a life of wretchedness.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

London, MARIA S——Y.
July 7, 1808.

CRITICISM.

" Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

POEMS, *by* CHARLES JAMES, *Author of the Military Dictionary, Regimental Companion, &c. &c.* 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS is in some measure a republication; but both the length of time which has elapsed since the first publishing of the principal pieces, and the new ones that are now added, entitle these volumes to the place of a new publication in our critical catalogue.

We will confess that we have read these poems with no ordinary pleasure. Mr. James is not to be sure a Milton or a Dryden; but he has an elegant mediocrity of talent, which inspires delight and prevents weariness. But before we pass to the consideration of the poetry, let us offer a few remarks upon the preface, the first period of which by the bye presents as strange a simile as can well be imagined.

Mr. James, in his argument in support of modern incapability of inventive excellence, has selected some apposite instances of *plagiarism* (for we see no reason to soften the term) from Pope; an author who owes less to genius, perhaps, than any other of equal celebrity upon record. We are perfectly of Mr. James's opinion, that he borrowed " more from necessity than choice," and it would not be asserting too much to say, that an industrious reader of English poetry might pluck more borrowed plumes from the wing of Pope's muse, than from any other writer, ancient or modern; nor would the task be an invidious one: it might, indeed, depress mistaken admiration, but it would substitute in its place the approbation of truth.

Mr. James, however, has mistaken the meaning of Goldsmith in the first couplet of the *Traveller*, which he imagines to be imitated from the final lines of Paradise Lost:

They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and *slow*,
Thro' Eden take their solitary way."

In the first place, the co-incidence is extremely trivial, and in the second, we learn from Boswell, in the following passage, that Goldsmith's meaning was different from that of Milton; " *Johnson.*—Chamier once asked him what he meant by *slow*, the last word in the first line of the Traveller,

' Remote, unfriended, melancholy slow,'—

Did he mean tardiness of loco-motion? Goldsmith, who would say something, without consideration, answered, ' Yes.' I was sitting by and said, ' No, Sir; you do not mean tardiness of loco-motion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude.' Chamier believed then that I had written the line as much as if he had seen me write it."

Mr. James thinks it would be difficult to produce one instance, ancient or modern, in which the rapidity of early elevation has been followed by permanent security; and he mentions Pope, whose Essay on Criticism did not rise into instantaneous popularity. But the example of Pope is precisely against the inference he would draw; for he was very early celebrated. He produced his " Pastorals" in his sixteenth year: his " Essay on Criticism" in his twenty-first, and his " Rape of the Lock" in his twenty-fourth year, productions which successively raised him so high in the public estimation, that we find him celebrated by the wits of the time in cotemporary publications, and looked up to as a capable person to give an English translation of Homer: and surely the age of twenty-four is no tardy period for a poet to reap popularity. Yet with regard to the final question, the permanent celebrity of this writer, there may be room to doubt: he has not, indeed, arrived at the dignity of a classic, for a century has not yet passed over his works.

We shall now pass to a consideration of Mr. James's poems, the first of which is called the *Vanity of Fame*, and is, by his own account, the production of a very early age. It is remarkable, however, that it is indubitably the best piece in the volumes now before us. We were greatly pleased with the perusal of it. It is, indeed, a very close, but not a servile, nor an unsuccessful imitation of Pope's manner. It has a considera-

ble facility of versification, some power of language, and much extent of idea. The caustic severity of the moralist is often very happily displayed. But it is not without some obscurity of meaning, and some defects of harmony. Of the former, the following is an example:

There [in the tomb] heroes, kings, and poets, humbly lie,
Without a passion, and without a sigh.

The last assertion, if applied to posterity, is evidently false.

Of metrical defect the following is a specimen:

Sound all his turns, his passions, and his end,
Point how to one fair common whole they tend.

Sometimes his images are ludicrous, as when he calls the birds "feather'd bards," and talks of "love-sick bulls."

The following passage has not only the manner, but perhaps the spirit of Pope.

The greedy wretch, whom thousand fears command,
Whene'er the pence must quit his trembling hand;
Who sees a cheat in honesty itself,
And thinks e'en virtue meditates his pelf;
The frugal crone, whose maxim is, to live
Beneath the means that heav'n and nature give,
Who dreads her ruin in each crumb that drops,
And just subsists on dirty crusts and sops,
Preserves the leavings of a stale repast,
And ne'er—but when she visits—breaks her fast;
The greedy wretch, and partner of his care,
The frugal crone, both undistinguish bear
The living mark; would feel an inward sore,
Should babbling echo whisper—they were poor!
Venture a momentary flash of pride,
And turn out GEN'ROUS, once before they died.

The next piece is a poetical "Epistle from Petrarch to Laura," and which is not without a considerable degree of merit. In some respects it may be said *materiem superabat opus:* but in general the thoughts are natural, and the expressions easy.

The translation of Acontius to Cydippé" is not faithfully executed. Mr. James says that nothing has been added; but at the same time many things have been omitted, as may be seen in the following:

Verba licet repetas, quæ demptus ab arbore fœtus
Pertulit ad castas, me jaciente, manus.

These lines Mr. J. translates thus,

Those sacred terms the faithful apple bore,
By me directed, meditate once more.

The translation of the same poem, by Duke, if less elegant, is more faithful, generally speaking.

As a very favorable specimen of Mr. James's powers we extract the following passage, which is at once vigorous in its execution, and just and noble in its sentiments.

Heav'n blast the wretch, apostacy's worst knave,*
Who meanly reddens at a parent's grave;
Turns from the sod that humbly lifts its head,
And marks the narrow limits of the dead;
Turns from the sod where ev'ry blade of grass,
That meekly trembles as the zephyrs pass,
To pensive thought the recollection calls
Of life's gay tumult, and its native walls;
Where fortune, giving all she had to give,
Still fondly whisper'd—*I am still to live*;
Still kindly scatter'd, with a magic hand,
Each joy that pride and vanity demand.
But doubly blast him, if in wealth's career
He blush to bathe it with a filial tear,
Or, false to truth's involuntary sigh,
Deny the ground where half his kindred lie,
The good old man, that in the close of life
Smil'd to have pass'd its tumult and its strife,
And in the peaceful bosom of his son
Repos'd the treasures of the race he'd run;
Scarce from the world is calmly drawn away,
And clos'd the circle of his earthly day,
Than, shame to tell! the darling of his care,
The plant selected all his hopes to bear,
Shrinks from the tree round which it long had twin'd,
And turns apostate, to amuse† mankind.

We do not mean to analyse all the various *nugæ canoræ* which compose

* There cannot be a greater instance of innate depravity than, in the consciousness of humble parentage, to avoid every circumstance that leads us to a recognition of it. Among our late created noblemen, it is not impossible to discover more anxiety to hide the meanness of ancestry than a noble solicitude to adorn it by just and honourable actions.

A whimsical diffusion of wealth may seem the effect of benevolence to the ignorant and interested part of mankind; but it proves the dictate of ostentation in the eyes of judicious men.

† It is not uncommon, especially among upstart noblemen, to hear a father, or a mother, made the object of a jest.

these volumes. It may be said, however, of our author, that when to trifle is his aim, he trifles elegantly.

The first thing that struck us on opening the second volume, was the following erratum, p. 114, *for Methodist read Hypocrite*, and we turned impatiently to the page to see what induced Mr. James to change one synonyme for another. We will quote the passage, and leave our readers to judge whether there was any occasion for the change:

Question and Answer.

What forms the Methodist? A wretch whose life
Has long been tinctured by remorse and sin:
With heaven and earth and with himself at strife,
Prayers hide *without* his wretchedness *within*.

In this volume there is a fine letter by the Rev. Dr. J. Fordyce upon *Suicide*: it is the most temperate piece of argument and persuasion upon thus subject we ever read. It is prefixed also to a poem "Suicide Rejected" of no ordinary merit.

We will subjoin one more specimen of our author's poetry.

RECOLLECTION.

A CELLE QUI SE RECONNOITRA.

WHEN still and mould'ring into dust shall lie
The throbbing inmate of this troubled breast,
The lov'd destroyer of his peace may sigh,
Perhaps may grieve that she denied it rest.

Ah! no—f conscious of the fondest pray'r
That ever issu'd with expiring love—
Heav'n makes unblemish'd innocence its care,
No pang shall reach her, and no sorrow move.

Not e'en remembrance—if Remembrance give
A grief to what is purity refin'd—
Shall in the mazes of reflection live,
Or dare to trespass on her angel-mind.

One sigh, to mingle with my parting breath,
One transient sigh *Parthenopé* may lend;
The coldest bosom will be touch'd by death,
And feel for nature when her charms must end.

Nor let the Vain *that* throbbing pulse despise,
Which swells to grief and melancholy woe,
A rapture glimmers on affliction's sighs,
Which truth alone, and sympathy can know.

Yet far from thee, *Parthenopé* remove
Each thought that wanders to Philander's tomb;
All joy be thine—and shouldst thou deign to love,
E'en o'er the cypress may the myrtle bloom.

At p. 216, our author in a quibble upon the word *gallant*, supposes it to have two different accents according as it signifies an adjective or substantive; but it is the same in both.

We could not but smile when we came to the following: "On reading an advertisement, 'Which is the Oracle Burke or O'Brien?" p. 239, vol. ii.—and to the name of Burke there is an asterism which conducts to the following note:

"Author of an elaborate pamphlet respecting the French revolution."

This seems to us as if a person should mention the name of Shakspeare, and add in a note "author of a celebrated play called Hamlet."

We must not, however, conclude our account of these volumes without expressing our entire approbation of them, and the pleasure they have given us in perusal. We think, had poetry formed the business of Mr. James's life, he would have claimed no mean rank as a pupil of Pope, for it is in that sort of terse and moral poetry that he would have excelled.

The THEORY *of* DREAMS: *in which an Inquiry is made into the Powers and Faculties of the Human Mind, as they are illustrated in the most remarkable Dreams recorded in sacred and profane History.* 2 vols. 1808.

WE know not exactly how to characterise these two volumes. The title-page promises, perhaps, more than is performed; and yet we have read them with much pleasure. Considerable industry has been employed in collecting from various sources, ancient and modern, the most remarkable dreams, visions, &c. &c.; and as the author seems free from all superstition upon the subject, there can be nothing to fear from his opinion upon weak minds.

The first chapter, which is a clear and succinct classification of the various sorts of dreams, we will extract.

"There is perhaps no subject of

equal interest which has been so little methodically treated as dreams. In conversation they are frequently the theme of transient remark, and vague discussion; but there are very few regular dissertations concerning them, though it might be supposed that what so much tends to illustrate the powers and faculties of the human mind, would have engaged attentive consideration.

"The reason of this neglect indeed cannot easily be discovered: whether it be, that the wide range which the prospect opens seems to tempt rather desultory and discursive flight, than steady and systematic enquiry, or that the indistinct notions which are usually entertained in hasty speculation, appear to preclude the hope of clear and satisfactory decision, the projector of the present treatise attempts not to determine; but he is of opinion that much curious information may be collected on the subject, and that some important conclusions may be deduced from a general view of the considerations which are connected with it. In the Essay which the author designs to compose, it will not be expected that he should embrace the whole scope of the argument; it will be sufficient if he throw out some general principles, and confirm his remarks by a reference to some of those dreams, both ancient and modern, which have excited the chief attention.

"In order to assist our examination of that variety of matter which will demand our notice, it may be useful to advert to the distinctions under which the different kinds of dreams have been characterised in general description by preceding writers.

"The first distinction laid down by Macrobius, an ancient author, refers to what is properly called a dream*, which he regards as a figurative and mysterious representation that requires to be interpreted. An example of this is furnished by Dion Cassius†, who states that Nero dreamt that he saw the chair of Jove pass into the palace of Vespasian, which was considered as emblematical of the translation of the empire to Nero.

"The second relates to what is termed vision*, which was understood to obtain, when any one saw that which afterwards came to pass in the same manner that it was foreseen. A friend, for instance, acting in the same circumstances, as in reality the next morning he may be found to do.

"The third sort is what the ancients conceived to be oracular†, and what they described as taking place, when in sleep a parent or priest, or venerable person or deity, denounced what was or was not to happen, or what should be done or avoided; an instance of which is said to have occurred to Vespasian, who, when a private man in Achaia, dreamt that a person unknown assured him, that his prosperity should begin as soon as Nero should lose a tooth: in completion of which he was shown on the next day, a tooth just drawn from the emperor; soon after which Nero's death took place, as likewise that of Galba, and discord broke out between Otho and Vitellius, which facilitated Vespasian's ascent to the throne‡.

"An impressive example is also furnished by Virgil, who represents the disfigured shade of Hector to have appeared to Æneas on the night on which the Grecians took possession of Troy, exhorting him to escape from the flames of the city already falling to destruction.

"These were supposed to rise under the influence of inspiration: Cicero considers them as particularly suited to temples, and we are told, that the leaders of the Lacedemonians were accustomed to lie down in the temple of Pasithea, in expectation of such oracular suggestions, in which they trusted as infallibly true§. They are here produced only by way of illustration.

"The fourth is the Insomnium‖, which Macrobius represents as some solicitude of an oppressed mind, body, or fortune, which, as it harrassed us when awake, so it affects us in our sleep; as for instance, when a lover finds himself possessed or deprived of the object of his affections; or when any one under apprehensions of some insidious enemy seems to have

* Ὄνειρος, somnium. † L. lxvi.

* Ὅραμα, visio. † Χρηματισμὸς, oraculum.
‡ Sueton. Vespas. Dion Cass. L. lxvi.
§ Cicero de Divin. L. i. § 43. ‖ Ἐνύπνιον.

fallen into his power, or to have escaped from it. With respect to the body, when a person filled with wine, or distended with food, fancies himself either strangled with repletion, or suddenly relieved; or when, on the contrary, a man hungry or thirsty appears to desire, or to seek, or to find, food or liquor: lastly, with respect to fortune, when any one seems, according to his hopes or fears, to be elevated to or degraded from power and high stations.

"These dreams were considered by the ancients as especially deceitful and vain*, as leaving no significant impression; they are spoken of by Virgil as those

Fallacious dreams which Ghosts to earth transmit†,

and are directly opposite to the dreams which Persius describes as

Visions purg'd from phlegm‡,

and which were considered as sent from the gods, and not proceeding from humours of the body.

"Petronius Arbiter, or rather Epicurus, thus describes the Insomnium with discrimination from the oracle.

The fleeting spectres which in dreams arise
Come not from temples, or indulgent skies;
The mind creates them, when its powers uncheck'd,
May sport, and leave the body in neglect.
The hero sees disorder'd legions fly,
And helpless monarchs bath'd in slaughter die,
Renews the war, besieged towns assails,
With sword and flames the lofty fortress scales.
In visionary courts the lawyers spar,
And convicts tremble at the ideal bar.
Still o'er his hidden gold the miser quakes,
The sportsman still with dogs the woodlands shakes:
The skilful mariner the vessel saves,
Or buffets, from the wreck escap'd, the waves.
All that affection breathes by love is penn'd,
And tokens sent which love delights to send.
Ev'n dogs in sleep the same impression bear,
And tongue the scented footsteps of the hare.
The wretched must the wounds of mis'ry feel,
Though night's still influence on the world should steal*.

"Macrobius illustrates the Phantasm, which is the fifth sort, and which is styled Visus by Cicero, as that which takes place between waking and sleeping, as it does in the first clouds of sleep, when the person who begins to dose, thinking himself awake, imagines that he sees forms differing in shape and magnitude from natural objects rushing upon him, and wandering about; or any strange confusion of things, cheerful or distressing. Under this class he places the Ephialtes, or night-mare, which common opinion supposes to invade persons when asleep, and *to load and incommode them* by the weight.

"Macrobius represents the Phantasm and the Insomnium as little deserving of attention, conceiving them to furnish no subject of divination or assistance in the discovery of futurity: popular superstition, however, seems to have regarded the night-mare as capable of predicting.

"Macrobius, in his description, has not included visions which were supposed to be seen in the day, when the senses were awake, several of which are recorded in the fabulous relations of ancient history, as that of the appearance of Romulus, who is said to have presented himself in glittering armour, and with an aspect more bright and august than when living, to Julius Proculus, a patrician of distinguished character, as he was travelling on the public road, and to have assured him of the future power and prosperity of Rome†: and another example was furnished in the apparition which appeared to Tarchetius, king of the Albans, and which was feigned to have been the father of Romulus‡. Those, indeed, come under the general idea of visions, treated of in the second definition of Macrobius, differing from them only as they occurred in the day; but, properly speaking, they should be distinguished as being imparted to persons whose senses were awake.

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* Ψευδεῖς ὄνειροι, Sophocles

† Falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes. Virgil. Æneid l. vi. The earth is here mentioned as heaven, in relation to the lower regions, in which the dead were supposed to be.

‡ Sat. ii. v. lvii.

* Petron. Arbit. p. 178. Somnia quæ mentes, &c.

† Plutarch in Romul. ‡ Ibid.

"A more simple distribution of dreams than that of Macrobius was adopted by those who divided them only into two sorts—plain and allegorical, the former including such as exhibited thing in their own form*; the latter such as intimated circumstances under similitudes."

Chapters two, three, four, five, and six, are occupied with relations of various sorts; some so improbable as to deserve only ridicule, and most of them so conjecturally delivered down to posterity, as to deserve no credit. The whole however, is so connected, in the form of a narrative, by the occasional remarks of the compiler, as to preserve considerable interest in the perusal. We were often, indeed, tempted to think that there was much talent, and knowledge, and industry, thrown away upon a subject too trivial, generally speaking, to merit much attention.

The idea that dreams are from God, seems to be discountenanced by several circumstances. Often they are unintelligible, and consequently cannot be of any utility: sometimes they take place, and relate to events in themselves too trifling to merit a special interference of the deity: and at others, they point out events, as calamitous, which however no effort on our part can prevent from taking place. And, in addition to all this, we think with our author, that if dreams were of divine origin, and meant to be considered as spiritual communications from the deity, some general direction to us to confide in them, would have been given in scripture, or some principles for the interpretation of them; for "it seems difficult to conceive that he should impart communications of his will without any sanction of authority to command respect, or any ground for explaining what is ambiguous."

Chapter vii. contains some observations upon the exposition and origin of dreams. It is well known that anciently the exposition of dreams was reduced to "scientific principles, and practised by men who engaged in it as a profession;" and the eastern nations regarded dreams with punctilious veneration; and much of the reputed wisdom of their sages was shewn in the interpretation of them.

In discoursing of the origin of dreams, our author seems not to understand himself, for he talks of their *efficient* and *productive* causes.

The eighth and ninth chapters relate to those inspired dreams which are commemorated in holy writ, and which, of course, can receive but little illustration, and are capable of but little argument at this period.

The following may be new to such of our readers as are not conversant with our ancient chroniclers:

"The same author (Holinshed) reports that a fame had spread that Richard the Third, the night preceding the battle of Bosworth Field, which terminated his reign and his life, 'had a dreadfull and terrible dreame, for it seemed to him being asleepe that he did see diverse images like terrible devils which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest; the which strange vision not only so suddenly struck his heart with fear, but it stuffed his head, and troubled his mind with many busy and dreadful imaginations, for incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacritie and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to do, before he came toward the battle; and least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for feare of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, in the morning, his wonderful vision and fearful dreame; upon which the historian well observes, but I think this was no dream, but a punction and pricke of his sinful conscience, for the conscience is so much more charged and aggrieved as the offence is greater, and more heinous in degree, (so that King Richard by this reckoning must needs have a wonderful troubled mind, because the deeds that he had done, as they were heinous and unnatural, so did they excite and stirre up extraordinarie notions of trouble and vexations in his conscience;) which sting of conscience, although it strike not alwaie, yet at the last day of extreme life, it is wont to show and represent

* Σχηματικοὶ—things which appeared in their own likeness.

to us our faults and offences; and the pains and punishments which hang over our heads for the committing of the same, to the intent that at that instant we for our deserts being penitent and repentant may be compelled, lamenting, and bewailing our sins like forsakers of this world, jocund to depart out of this mischeefe life*.'

"The night before the arrest and execution of Lord Hastings, who was beheaded by the protector, afterwards Richard the Third, Lord Stanlye sent a trustie messenger unto him at midnight in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer to bide, he had so fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a boare with his tushes so rased them by the heads, that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and forasmuch as the Protector gave the boare for his cognisance, this dreame made so fearful an impression on his heart that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarie, but had his horse readie if the Lord Hastings would go with him to ride yet so farre the same night, that they should be out of danger per daie. 'Ha! good Lord,' quoth my Lord Hastings to this messenger, 'leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreames which either his own feare fantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of his daies thoughts. Tell him it is plaine witchcraft to believe in such dreames, which if they were token of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might be as likelie to make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought backe as friends faile fliers, for then had the boare a cause likelie to rase us with his tusks as folke that fled from some falsehood, wherefore either is there perile, or none there is indeed, or if anie be, it is rather in going than biding; and in case we should needs fall in perill one waie or other, yet had I rather that men should see that it were by other men's falsehood, than thinke it were either by our owne fault, or faint heart; and, therefore, go to thy master (man) and commend me to him, and praie him be merie and have no feare, for I insure him I am as sure of the man that he woteth of (meaning Catesby, who deceived him, and suggested his removal) as I am of my own hand*.'"

It is remarkable how frequently Shakspeare in his historical plays has adopted the very language of Holinshed and Hall, though generally modified into the form of blank verse. From the passages above quoted he has liberally borrowed in Richard III. which we will venture to transcribe here. We have often, indeed, thought that our numerous commentators upon Shakspeare might have enhanced the value of their annotations, by subjoining those passages from the ancient chronicles which our immortal bard had borrowed, instead of merely referring to them; for neither Hall nor Holinshed are easily to be met with, but form rather a part of the library of the collector. It is pleasing, however, to trace a Shakspeare to his sources; and our readers will perceive a marked coincidence in the following:

ACT III.—SC. II.

Before Lord Hasting's House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! [*Knocking.*]

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from Lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say. First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour, and myself, are at the one:
And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;

* Holinshed, vol. i. p. 755.

* Holinshed, vol. i. p. 723.

Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance.
And for his dreams—I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers;
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chace.

With such humility of genius did Shakspeare admit the thoughts and expressions of others!

We now come to the second volume, which offers more for reflection and reasoning than the other: the first was a mere selection of incongruous stories; and this, is an establishment of the principles and an elucidation of the phenomena of these stories. Our author, indeed, does not often launch into original disquisition; but when he does, we think we can perceive the marks of a sound and philosophical mind.

Sometimes however, he is remarkably futile, as in his attempt to explain the dream of Mr. Beal, p. 3, and at p. 96, where he supposes the faculty of second sight to be intimately connected with "retired and and secluded scenes, amidst vallies soon overspread with the shades of evening, and where the vapory mists float incessantly on the mountain's brow."

The most remarkable circumstance related in this volume is the following, and which we shall here quote, although it may be found in Clarendon, for every reader of a magazine has not perhaps had opportunity or inclination to peruse that entertaining but copious historian.

"There was an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of a good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty years or more: this man had in his youth been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the duke, lived; and had been much cherished and obliged in that season of his age by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw. About six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man, being in his bed at Windsor, where his office was, and in a very good health, there appeared to him, on the side of his bed, a man of a very venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, asked him if he knew him. The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very cloaths he used to wear, in which, at that time, he seemed to be habited: he answered him, that he thought him to be that person: he replied, he was in the right, that he was the same; and expected a service from him, which was, that he should go from him to his son the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself to the people, or, at least, to abate the extreme malice they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time. After this discourse he disappeared, and the poor man, if he had been at all waking, slept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

"The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again in the same place, and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before; and asked him whether he had done as he had required him? and perceiving he had not, gave him severe reprehensions; told him, he expected more compliance from him; and that if he did not perform his commands he should enjoy no peace of mind, but should be always pursued by him.—Upon which he promised him to obey him. But the next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory, he was willing still to persuade himself that he had only dreamed; and considered that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to find any admission to his presence, much less had any hope to be believed in what he should say. So with great trouble and unquietness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do; and in the end resoved to do nothing in the matter.

"The same person appeared to him the third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproaching him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had by this time recovered the courage to tell him, that in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands, upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the duke, having acquaintance with no person about him; and if he could obtain admission to him, he should never be able to persuade, that he was sent in such a manner; but he should, at best, be thought to be mad, or to be set on and employed, by his own or the malice of other men to abuse the duke; and so he would be sure to be undone.—The person replied as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he should perform what he required, and therefore he were better to dispatch it; that the access to his son was known to be very easy; and that few men waited long for him; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person living, but to the duke himself; and he should no sooner hear them, but he would believe all the rest he should say: and so repeating his threats, he left him.

"In the morning the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London, where the court then was. He was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of requests, who had married a lady who was nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went, and though he did not acquaint him with all particulars, he said enough to him to let him see there was somewhat extraordinary in it; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretion of the man, made the more impression on him. He desired, that by his means he might be brought to the duke, to such a place, and in such a manner, as should be thought fit; affirming, that he had much to say to him, and of such a nature as would require much privacy, and some time and patience in the hearing. Sir Ralph promised he would speak first with the duke of him, and then he should understand his pleasure: and accordingly, in the first opportunity, he did inform him of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and of all he knew of the matter. The duke, according to his usual openness and condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth-bridge, where he would land by five of the clock in the morning; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

"Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the duke at his landing, who received him courteously, and walked aside in conference near an hour; none but his own servants being at that hour in that place, and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, though the duke sometimes spoke, and with great commotion, which Sir Ralph the more easily observed and perceived, because he kept his eyes always fixed upon the duke, having procured the conference, upon somewhat he knew there was of extraordinary. And the man told him, in his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars, which were to gain him credit, the substance whereof, he said, he durst not impart to him, the duke's colour changed, and he swore he could come to that knowledge only by the devil; for that those particulars were known only to himself and to one person more, who, he was sure, would never speak of it.

"The duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness, and in deep thoughts, without any delight in the exercise he was upon; and before the morning was spent left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodgings in White-Hall, with whom he was shut up for the space of two or three hours, the noise of their discourse frequently reaching the ears of those who attended in the next rooms: and when the duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger, a countenance that was never before observed in him in any conversation with her, towards

whom he had a profound reverence. And the countess herself (for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created Countess of Buckingham shortly after her son had first assumed that title) was, at the duke's leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable. Whatever there was of all this, it is a notorious truth, that when the news of the duke's murther (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree surprised, but received it as if she had foreseen it; nor did afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother for the loss of such a son."

We smiled when we found our author gravely supposing that an "impending fate" could be avoided by any beneficial change of conduct in the Duke of Buckingham. Either the time and manner of our death are, or are not foredoomed: if they are, it is folly to talk of escaping them: if they are not, we must be content to fall into additional mystery and contradiction in our opinions of the deity and of religion. Neither can we wholly coincide with our author's opinion of the agency and superintendency of angels over every individual, for the ubiquity of divine intelligence and of divine omnipotence is impaired and degraded by such an opinion. No part of revealed religion entitles us to think so: and the apparent inutility of such beings, considered with regard to the moral character of the world, is also strong against the presumption.

The following may surely prove that the expression of Shakspeare, "She died every day she lived," is no longer a metaphor.

"The case of Colonel Townshend, mentioned by Dr. Cheyne, was also very remarkable; he had for many years been affected with a nephritic complaint, and had the power of dying or expiring when he pleased, and afterward of coming to life again at pleasure, a proof of which Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Baynard, and Mr. Skrine, had at Bath, where after composing himself deliberately on his back, the pulse of the colonel gradually became insensible, no motion of the heart was perceptible, nor any symptom of life to be discerned, a mirror held to his mouth being not even soiled by his breath: he continued in this state near half an hour, and then gradually recovered."

All the phenomena of sleep are, in our opinion, decidedly contrary to the supposition, that our reason continues to be active in that state; though our author thinks that the circumstance of somnambules or sleep-walkers is an evident proof of the agency of the ratiocinative faculty. But it would be more philosophical to suppose that the efforts which take place in sleep-walkers are to be ascribed to some hitherto unknown energies of our nature, than to believe a palpable contradiction; for, supposing our reason to be exerted at these moments, the first consequence of that exertion would be to destroy sleep, and restore us to the full discrimination of our waking powers. No man, when dreaming, believes or supposes himself to be dreaming; and the combinations of dreams shew that they are the mere stuff of fancy.

Of the independent agency of the mind also in sleep there can be no doubt. The sensations of the body are not often to be traced in our dreams: the mind seems to rejoice at its temporary freedom, and to expatiate at will through boundless forms of being. It is very seldom that dreams have any reference to corporeal suggestion, nor even to the recent objects of our waking attention. The mind, in fact, acts separately, and sports through every species of ideal combination. From this occasional capacity of independent exertion, much might be argued as to its perpetual capacity when liberated from its earthly investment. The following relation will prettily illustrate this:

"Genadius, we are told, a Carthaginian physician, who doubted of the immortality of the soul, saw in his sleep a youth, who shewed to him a beautiful city, and who, returning on the succeeding night, inquired of Genadius whether he recollected him. Genadius answered that he did, and remembered his dream. The youth then asked him what he was then

about: the physician replied, that he was in his bed sleeping. The apparition left him to reflect with salutary conviction, that as his mind then beheld a city, though his eyes were closed in sleep, and his body lay dormant, so the spirit of man might continue to live and exercise its powers of observation and intelligence, though the body should lie lifeless in the tomb."

We must here conclude our account of these volumes. We have read them with pleasure, and we can recommend them with confidence. The style, though sometimes good and even elevated, is often, however, negligent, and the author frequently falls into the common grammatical error of making the conjunction *though* govern the subjunctive mood in every case. Besides its being wrong, surely its uncouthness might have forbidden its admission in the following sentence:

"If Mr. Hobbes speak of dreams universally, the author does not agree with him, that different dreams are to be attributed to different distempers, *though he feel* no inclination, &c.

We must also remark that it is very incorrectly printed.

The FISHER BOY, *a* POEM; *comprising his several Avocations during the four Seasons of the Year. By* H. C. *Esq.* 1808.

THE title and subject of this poem have evidently been suggested by the *Farmer's Boy* of Robert Bloomfield; and it wants little of being equal to that poem in every respect. But this is a praise of which probably the author will not be very ambitious; at least if he estimate the powers of Mr. Bloomfield as we have ever done. If H. C. however, be not quite equal to his prototype in versification, he is much superior to him in acquisition.

We wish we could speak in a manner more flattering to the feelings of the author, upon the merits of this poem; but we really think it indifferent. It is said to be founded in truth; and the notes warrant this, for they contain a great deal of interesting local information.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

O! HOW I love at even's tranquil hour,
Beneath some venerable oak reclin'd,
To yield my heart to contemplation's power;
By grov'ling thoughts unfetter'd, unconfin'd;

To feel that calm, that sabbath, of the soul,
So far exceeding all the world's frail charms:
And, whilst unheard, strife's troubled waters roll,
Fomenting care, disquiet, and alarms,

To see how nature, undisturb'd, and still
Amid the general discord, smiles serene
On man her creature, whose licentious will
Disturbs the beauties of so fair a scene;

Or bids them flourish to his care-fraught eye,
As unperceiv'd, or mere deformity!

H. R. W.

IMPROMPTU *on seeing Miss* DAVIES *sit for her Portrait to Mr.* JACKSON. *By* CLIO RICKMAN.

SAY, JACKSON! while thy breathing brush
Would picture every grace;
And strives to give, with liveliest touch,
The charms of MARY's face;

Say, while before thee, beaming love,
She captivating stands;
Does not thy HEART, with rapturous move,
Paint quicker than thy HANDS.

And, after all thy skill and care
To make the canvas live;
Is not the likeness stronger THERE,
Than painting e'er can give?

I see, I feel, why lingering yet
Thy happy pencil stays;
Nor can I blame you, if you get
Excuses for delays.

For when the finish'd picture shows
Bright MARY's every grace,
No longer canst thou gaze, and lose
Thy soul upon her face!

THE PARTRIDGES.

AS roaming one morning in spring,
Through the meadows where flow'rets grow,
I heard on the zephyr's soft wing
The sounds of lamenting and woe.

To the spot I directed my way,
For it seem'd as if danger were nigh,
And saw, just prepar'd for his prey,
A hawk proudly soaring on high:

'Twas a covey just fledg'd, and so small,
That scarcely their forms were descried;

They seem'd for their parents to call,
But no voice to their mourning replied.

So I took the young brood to my home,
And nurs'd them with tenderest care;
I bade them no longer to roam,
But rest in tranquillity there.

They bask'd in the nurturing sun,
And were screen'd from the rage of the storm;
At the sound of my voice they would run,
And rejoice at the sight of my form.

With rapture, I saw them improve
In vigour, as spring pass'd away;
They appear'd to delight in my love,
Nor to wish from the garden to stray.

One morning, at peep of the dawn,
To my long-cherish'd charges I sped,—
But, oh! with what pangs I was torn,
When I found that the ingrates had fled!

"Thus man," I exclaim'd, "shall complain,
Too oft by appearance betray'd;
When he finds his attachments were vain,
And his love with ingratitude paid.

"Since he then, with reason endu'd,
Regards not the calls of the heart;
What wonder, that creatures so rude
Should act a perfidious part?"

H. R. W.

The GRAVE *of the* TROUBADOUR.

I LOVE this gay, romantic spot,
These forests, and these rocks supine:
Oppress'd with gloom: by man forgot:
I pensive mid their shades recline;
Or wander thro' the devious ways
(While round me fancy's blessings pour)
Where, hid from day and mortal gaze,
Once fondly walked the TROUBADOUR.

Long did his speaking lyre resound
The pleasures and the bliss of love;
While shepherds sadly throng'd around,
And sigh'd to each responsive move:
But years came on, and then he sung
Of rural sports and rural toils,
What joys from harvest labour sprung,
From harvest home what feats and broils.

He's dead! and here his ashes lay
Inurn'd beneath these shady trees;
Around the streamlets waters play,
And sweetly murmur to the breeze.
The pale Narcissus here shall grow,
The emblem of the rural tomb;
Her fragrant sweets around shall throw,
And mingle with the poppy's gloom.

O Troubadour! thou now canst tell
Nature's most secret, hidden plan!
Thine eye hath pierc'd the awful veil,
Which hides the whole from mortal man.
Tell me what unseen, glorious hand
Launch'd from the sky this rolling world?
The stars, by whose divine command,
Are not in wild confusion hurl'd?

That moving ball what people crowd,
Which slowly tracks th' etherial way?
Rove they like us in error's cloud?
And do they bend to passion's sway?
Conscious are they of fear and pain?
That doubtful part of Heav'ns decree:
From love, from hatred, fierce disdain,
Oh say, has fate pronounced them free?

And tell me, too, celestial shade,
What was I ere this breathing life?
And was the dubious gift decreed
A source of comfort or of strife?
Say, was I e'er a glowing flame;
A bird, of plumage poorly vain;
A plant; an insect, vile and tame;
A stock, insensible of joy or pain?

But thriftless I my mind perplex:
'Tis gloom and dreary silence all:
Sleep, sleep, no more thy shade I'll vex,
No more upon thy tomb I'll call;
For soon the solemn hour will come,
When I shall be as wise as thou:
And then I'll read man's gen'ral doom,
And why he's form'd to suffer now.

London, July 2, 1808. M.

A SIMILE.

FRIENDSHIP is like the cobler's tie,
That joins two *soles* in unity;
But love is like the cobler's awl,
That pierces through the *sole* and all.

H. R. W.

SONNET.

The DEATH *of* LEANDER.

COLD is the night, and loud the rude winds roar,
No star is out upon its wonted sphere,
No plaintive music fall's upon my ear,
And darkness reigns triumphant on the shore!
Still, will I plunge, as I have plung'd before,
For Hero still to my fond heart is dear;
Love's torch will light me o'er the ocean drear,
And guide me safely to her arms once more!
Ye wild gales blow! ye baleful whirlwinds howl,
Leander dread's not, and defies your rage!
Lash on ye waves! ye savage tempests growl,
With all your force a lover can engage!
Thus spoke the youth—disdainful spurn'd the shore—
Dash'd the rude sea, and sunk to rise no more!

Grafton street, June 1808. J. G.

TO THE MOON.

By an uneducated Female Cottager.

HAIL! mild empress of the night,
Hail! lovely moon, fair and sublime;
Oft when I view thy silv'ry light,
My soul is fill'd with thoughts divine.

Who could with anger look on thee?
Or view with thoughts impure thy beam?
From passion's fire my heart is free,
When I behold thee, pensive queen.

Thou dost thy brightness spread around,
To light the weary trav'ller home;
Without thy aid he might be found
Breathless within a wat'ry tomb.

What lights the lover on his way,
When he, to meet his fair, does rove;
With joy he does thy lustre see,
For it conducts him to his love.

Should he from her be torn away,
And forc'd into a distant clime,
Thy beams to him will bliss convey,
Because on Emma's cot they shine.

Fair moon! thou too to me art kind,
Thou dost my angry passions calm;
No malice rankles in my mind,
When I behold thy radiant form.

Then should we not that God adore,
Who did the whole creation frame?
Oh! let our thoughts now upwards soar,
In pray'r, and praises to his name.

Leicester, July 7, 1808.

EPITAPH *on* JOHN WRIGHT, *Gent.*

HERE lies John Wright, as queer a wight
As sleeps these tombs among:
Who, strange to tell! though *always Wright*,
Was *sometimes* in the *wrong*.

H. R W.

*** In the "Verses in Memory of a Young Lady," p. 515, last number, for *Nithisdale* read *Niddisdale*, at the end of each stanza.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. CHARLES DIDDIN'S, *of Cranford, for a Method of facilitating the learning of Music.*

THIS it seems principally consists in substituting the letters of the alphabet for the characters hitherto used to express the notes, or rather in restoring the writing or expressing of music by characters, to its original simplicity.

The notes at present used in music are the semi-breve which is equal to two minims; the minim which is equal to two crochets; the crochet which is equal to two quavers; the quaver which is equal to two semi-quavers, and the semi-quaver which is equal to two demi-semi-quavers. The substitutes intended for these are the period, the colon, the semi-colon, the comma, the semi-comma, and the demi-semi-comma. In the present notation, the notes are placed on lines and spaces, and by that means describe the scale, which consists of the first seven letters of the alphabet, five times repeated; so that a character must be resorted to to explain a letter.

The substitutes are intended to be the letters themselves, they will do away the clefs, and the following arrangement is preferred:—The first seven letters are to be large Roman capitals, and the second seven, large Italic capitals; the third seven, small Roman capitals; the fourth seven, small or lower case Roman; and the fifth seven, small Italic. Instead of the sharp and the flat, the acute and the grave accents will be used; and there is no necessity at all for the natural; for, unless a letter be accented, it will be played natural of course. The bars in this new musical scheme, are to be called divisions; and instead of the single and the double bar, it is intended to use a dash — and a section §; for an indefinite pause, a double dash=; and for a definite pause, a triple m-dash ≡. The rest are represented by points without letters:—instead of the repeat, will be used an index-hand; in place of the bind, if the distance from letter to letter is short, a hyphen is used; and if long, a half-parenthesis; a slur will also be expressed by a half-parenthesis; a half bracket is to point out the number of letters that go to a syllable in singing; and a brace will be placed at the beginning of the lines, as it is used for triplets in poetry.

The time of the air, which hitherto has been marked C, to signify four crotchets in a bar, is now called a division: three minims, or six quavers are to be four semi-colons; three colons or six commas. The distinctions of the measure of time from slow to fast, are to be expressed by common English words as slow for adagio, quick for allegro, soft for piano, loud

for forte, &c. The apogiature expressed by a small note, is in this scheme noted by a small letter consistent with the type with which the music is printed, just as the type called english, requires long primer, pica, bourgeois, &c. Various graces will be understood by words, instead of marks, such as beat, shake, turn, trill, &c. The learning of this music may be facilitated by pasting printed letters on the keys of the instrument which would wear off, as the pupil became perfect.

Mr. WM. NEWBERRY'S, *St. John's-street, for an Invention of Machinery, for sawing Wood, splitting or paring Skins, &c.*

THIS invention consists of a method of working an endless revolving saw-blade over two dumb-wheels or rollers, to be used for any purposes to which a common saw may be applied; to this kind of saw, a variety of machinery may be attached for guiding the pieces to be cut: here drawings are necessary to illustrate the specification. The wheels run in a cast-iron frame, each having an iron plate screwed behind it, to prevent the saw from running off backwards. There is also a bench, or platform on which the piece to be cut is laid, and on this are fixed two semi-circles of iron, the centres of which are parallel to that part of the saw-blade, which is even with the top of the bench; one of them is marked with the divisions of a circle, by which means on turning them in sliders, the bench may be placed at any angle to the blade of the saw, and fixed there by means of screws. There are also guides above and below the bench to keep the saw from running out of the line, and two wedges to force down the lower wheel, so as to give the saw, the necessary tension. The piece to be cut may be brought forward to the saw, either by the hand, or by passing it between rollers in the way practised for drawing iron; and therefore on causing the wheels to revolve by any moving power, the saw continually passes through the piece till it is cut. Methods are exhibited for cutting circles of all sizes. The centre is determined by means of a socket sliding on a rod; the socket is fixed at a proper distance from the saw. For splitting or paring skins the two wheels are laid level instead of being over each other, and an endless knife is worked upon them, to which are affixed, two whetstones, above and below, so as to sharpen the knife as it goes. It is used with the rollers of a common skin-splitter. The steel plate for the saw or knife may have its two ends rivetted or brazed together, or they may be shut before it is brought to its thinness, and afterwards drawn down.

Mr. BRYAN DONKIN'S, *of Dartford, for a new Mode of producing a Rotary Motion, applicable to useful Purposes.*

THIS is carried into effect by introducing steam beneath the surface of water, or any other dense fluid at a temperature too elevated to produce any considerable degree of condensation. In the same and immediately over the place of the introduction of the steam, an inverted vessel is disposed, which, when filled with steam will ascend with considerable force, and carry with it any other moveable apparatus to which it may be attached until the arrival of the said vessel to such a place or position, as shall permit the steam to escape. Other vessels may be disposed and combined with the former, either by fixing them to the periphery of a wheel or circulating chain, &c. so that the ascent of any bucket, &c. containing steam, shall regularly and successively cause the other bucket or buckets to arrive at the proper situation for being charged, and ascending in their turn. Thus this method of producing a rotary motion consists in the construction, use, and application of the usual steam-boilers and the receptacle, with its charge of hot water, &c. and of the combination of buckets by a revolving wheel, or by an endless chain and buckets. The motion produced by the wheels round which these buckets must revolve, in consequence of this successive ascent in the said dense fluid is that which is intended to be produced, and which may be applied to mills, and various useful machines.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

ON the second and 16th ult. the continuation of Messrs Allen and Pepys' paper on respiration occupied the society's attention. The general result of their numerous and accurate experiments prove that the quantity of carbonic acid produced on respiration is always equal to that of the oxygen consumed, and vice versâ; that a healthy man, whose pulse is 70 in a minute, will consume 3400 cubic inches of oxygen gas in eleven minutes; that the same man will emit in the course of 24 hours, calculating the quantity of gas which always remains in the lungs, 18,000 cubic inches of carbonic acid, which yield 10 ozs. 2 grs. of solid carbon. No combination it appears takes place between oxygen and hydrogen in the lungs; and they do not form water in the progress of respiration. The perfection of the eudiometer has assisted in the accuracy of these results.

A paper by Dr. Henry, of Manchester, has been read, on the instruments of analysis of carbonic acid, and the gases emitted by coal in destructive distillation. This paper contained tables of the relative quantities of gas contained in coals, and the means of measuring their quantities and qualities.

A domesticated trombac and candivolva, of New South Wales and Davis's Straits has been presented to the society. The trombac Mr. Home has had two years; it is about two feet long, and one thick, with round ears, and a head resembling a pig, and without a tail. It burrows in the earth and climbs trees; it suffered itself to be nursed, and when it bit any thing it was without ill-nature. On dissection it was found to have had two *uteri*. Mr. Bell, a Surgeon of New Holland, dissected one in a pregnant state, and found in the *uteri*, a gelatinous substance, conveyed in two tubes, instead of a placenta. It is of the genus (Didelphis) the same as the American opossum or kangaroo.

The Philosophical Transactions for 1808, contain:—1st, The Bakerian Lecture. By H. Davy, Esq.—2, On the Structure and Uses of the Spleen. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.—3, On the Composition of the Compound Sulphuret, from Huel Boys, and an Account of its Chrystals. By James Smithson, Esq. F.R.S.—4, On Oxalic Acid. By T. Thomson, M.D. F.R.S. Edin. Communicated by Charles Hatchett, Esq. F.R.S.—5, On Super acid and Sub acid Salts. By W. Hyde Wollaston, M.D. Sec. R.S.—6, On the Inconvertibility of Bark into Alburnum. By T. Andrew Knight, Esq. F.R.S. In a Letter to Sir J. Banks.—7, Some Account of Cretinum. By Henry Reeve, M.D. of Norwich.—8, On a new Property of the Tangents of the three Angles of a Plane Triangle. By Mr. W. Garrard, of the Royal Naval Asylum, at Greenwich.—9, On a new Property of the Tangents of three Arches, trisecting the circumference of a circle. By N. Maskelyne, D.D.—10, An Account of the Application of Gas from Coal to economical purposes. By Mr. W. Murdoch. Communicated by Sir J. Banks. 11, Further Experiments on the Spleen. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.

An Experiment on Soap Suds as a Manure. By Mr. G. Irwin, of Taunton, with remarks by the Rev. Thomas Falconer.

A FEW years since, says this writer, my attention was attracted by the soil of a garden reduced to a state of poverty, very unfriendly to vegetation. An invigorating manure was necessary, but such a stimulus could not easily be procured. Considering upon the means, it occurred that possibly some trivial advantage might be derived from the oil and alkali remaining in the water after washing, commonly called soap-suds. Pits were immediately dug, and the contents of the washing tubs after they were done with, emptied into them; as washing succeeded washing other pits were dug and filled, so that a whole garden, a small portion excepted, was watered and enriched. Upon the spot purposely neglected, vegetation, says the writer, is still languid, while the residue of the garden invigorated by suds only, annually exhibits a luxu-

riance almost equal to any thing this fertile neighbourhood can produce. We have known this kind of manure and even another kind of domestic lye applied with success to the roots of the Vine.

But the mixture of an oil and an alkali has been more generally known than adopted as a remedy against the insects which infect wall fruit trees. It will destroy the insects which have formed their nests and bred among the leaves. Used in the early part of the year it will prevent insects from settling upon the leaves. It is also preferable to the lime water, or wood ashes and lime, because lime loses its causticity by being exposed to the air. The only difficulty is in the mode of applying it. Mr. Speechley in his treatise on the Vine, directs it to be poured from a ladder out of a watering pot, over both trees and wall, beginning at the top of the wall, and bringing it on, in courses from top to bottom. The Rev. Mr. Falconer thinks, a considerable extent of wall may be washed by means of a common garden pump, in a short time, as often as a supply of suds, &c. can be had; or, a quantity of pot-ash of commerce dissolved in water may be substituted. Washing the trees and the wall twice a week for three or four weeks in the spring will sufficiently secure the fruit from the injuries of insects. This upon the whole, he thinks a valuable manure, as it can be easily obtained, at a small expense and in large quantities; and when its nature is understood, will probably be no loss esteemed than horse-dung. To the gardener as well as the farmer, mixed with mould, it is also useful as a fertilizing compost.

THE WERNERIAN SOCIETY.

MR. P. WALKER read an account of Birds that frequent the vicinity of Edinburgh. He then enumerated one hundred and seventy-eight species, of which eleven belong to the genus falco; four to strix; one to lanius; eight to corvus; one oriolus; one cuculus; one picus; one alcedo; one upupa; one certhia; two sturnus; six turdus; one ampelis; two loxia; seven emberiza; eight fringilla; one muscicapa; three alauda; fifteen motacilla; four parus; four hirundo; one caprimulgus; two columba; one phasianus; six tetrao; one ardea; six scolopax; seven tringa; four charadius; one hæmatopus; three rallus; three fulica; four prodiceps; four alca; six colymbus; two sterna; twelve larus; one procellaria, or marganza; twenty anas; four pelicanus. This report was accompanied with interesting observations on the distinctions of several of their species, their changes of plumage at different ages and times of the year, their food, &c. and some specimens of the dubious species were exhibited.

Dr. Thomas Thomson, one of the vice presidents, read an interesting paper on the chemical nature of fluor spar. Capt. Lasky read a paper on the Pinna ingens of Pennant, by which it appears that the Pinna ingens of Montagu, the Pinna Borealis of Stewart, and Pinna ingens of the Linnæan Transactions, are all of the same species, and identical with that of Pennant. Charles Anderson, Esq. read some observations on the geognosy of the island of Inchkeith in the Frith of Forth, from which it appears the whole island is composed of rocks belonging to the independent coal formation; and that the green stone which there occurs, is traversed by true veins filled with quartz, chalcedony, calc-spar, &c. and also contains numerous veins of different kinds. Mr. A. intimated his intention of laying before the society a more particular description of the island, illustrated by drawings, and a series of specimens.

LITERARY SOCIETY OF NEWCASTLE UPON-TYNE.

MR. JAMES GRAHAM, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, has read an "Essay upon Commerce as at present carried on by different nations. With Hints for the advantage of every country." After expatiating very largely upon the benefits of a well-regulated commerce, its origin, progress, &c. he comes to its degeneracy and radical abuses, which he treats upon in a masterly manner. He ranks the idea of universal empire, and universal commerce together. He observes, that the idea of the former, encouraged by successive victories, and of commanding the trade of the whole world into

one emporium, are both alike destructive to the general happiness of mankind. He observes, "I am persuaded that as soon will the immutable laws of the universe be changed, and the different climates of the earth send forth the same productions, as either universal commerce or universal empire be realized." A small recollection of history will fully convince us that ambition had no sooner supposed her wishes were to be gratified, than the mighty fabric has tumbled to pieces. Many, he observed, may recollect several instances of persons in this country, of large fortunes, extensive credit, and wide-spread connections, who, not satisfied with these, but wishing to bring all under their grasp, in the pride of their hearts have declared—"My warehouses, or my granaries shall be the general depot of such or such an article; I will then fix my own price, and riches will flow in from every quarter." How few, very few of such have succeeded, but have brought ruin on themselves and misery on all their connections! "I am apt to think that what is the case with individuals, will in a certain degree be the case with nations. I am persuaded that God in pity to mankind has set some bounds to ambition which it cannot pass." Here Mr. Graham, without any direct intention, seems to be illustrating the grand ultimate of the predictive parts of the inspired pages.

The author condemns smuggling, and excessive duties, as the cause of it, in strong terms. He still contends for the necessity of a well regulated and general commerce, as the true interest and real riches of every country consists in a reciprocal intercourse with each other; to have no prohibitory duties, nor any so high as to create too great temptation to illicit trade. The present code of excise laws at which, he observes, the most resolute shrink back with disgust would then assume all the mildness of English jurisprudence. The wise politician would feel no anxiety at the prosperity of any neighbouring state. The more they cultivated their natural productions, and the higher the degrees of perfection to which some branches of manufactory were brought, the easier the terms would be to the people; and as other states increased in riches the greater their demand would be for foreign manufactures. Pursuing this plan every nation would see its true greatness and real riches connected with the riches of other countries, and one could not hurt another without wounding itself. Jealousy would cease, trade would be found only in its infancy; its extension would be inconceivable, and peace would continue to bless the world. This state we think Mr. G. might have stated The true Balance of Commerce.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

THE patrons and admirers of the fine arts have now an opportunity of manifesting in the most laudable manner their respect for decayed genius. Mr. C. Grignion, who, upwards of ninety years of age, has been looked up to as the father of engraving in this country, having distinguished himself as an eminent engraver about 1742, and probably contributed more than any other individual to an improved practice, and a general diffusion of correct taste, is now, after an intense application to his profession for seventy years, obliged to solicit the kind assistance of a generous public. No act of indiscretion, nor any misfortune on his part but the gradual decay of his physical powers, has induced him to look to any support but that which he used to derive from the efforts of his own active mind. At present his tremulous hand and shrinking eye can no longer second his endeavours, and a few friends have thought that a small annuity may prevent him from finishing the remainder of his existence in abject poverty. Strongly impressed with such an appeal from an ingenious man at such an advanced age, a few artists and amateurs have undertaken to raise a subscription for Mr. C. Grignion, who has a wife and daughter, the latter

nearly blind and dependent on him. A respectable number of bankers have engaged to receive donations which with the names of the subscribers will shortly be published in the daily papers.

Mr. Z. Allnutt, of Henley on Thames, intends publishing in monthly numbers, a General History or more correct account of the Inland Navigations of England and Wales, by rivers and canals, accompanied by maps of each on a large scale, shewing the contiguous country, as corn, wood, coal mines, &c. occur. Accounts are to be given in letter press of the acts, loans, tolls, population of adjacent towns, sizes of locks, tunnels, and works on each river and canal; together with the prices of carriage, and wharfs where vessels usually load and unload; the time of navigating; bargemasters' names and residencies, including plans of inventions to exclude labour; and for loading and unloading goods, &c.

A new edition of the Harleian Miscellany, by Mr. Park, is reprinting, which comes recommended to notice by additional notes, historical and explanatory. The new matter which it has been deemed so desirable to select from the Harleian Manuscripts and pamphlets will be sufficient to form two volumes with poetry, in addition to the eight formerly published. Mr. Park also intends to publish a corresponding edition of Lord Somers's Tracts.

A new edition of Hephæstion's treatise upon the various Greek metres, corrected from the authority of several MSS. and accompanied with copious notes and illustrations, is now printing at the Clarendon press.

Dr. Adam Clarke is appointed principal librarian to the Surry Institution.

The History of Brazil, by Mr. Southey, is in the press. It forms a part of the history of Portugal, on which he has been employed during the last eight years. The best native historians of that kingdom have perceived the necessity of arranging their national history under three distinct heads; Portugal, Portugueze Asia, and Brazil. Each of these parts, though relating to the same people, forms in itself a complete whole. According to chronological order, the history of Brazil would have been the last in the series, but as public curiosity is on tiptoe with respect to that country, it will be brought forward with as little delay as possible. A critical catalogue of all the authorities, printed or manuscript, in the possession of the author, or to which he has had access, will be annexed to the work.

Mr. Drakard, of Stamford, is printing a Guide to Burghley House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, to be embellished with engravings of the House, &c. by Messrs. Storer and Grieg, from drawings by Mr. Blore.

Dr. J. Reid, the author of the Monthly Reports of Diseases, &c. intends to collect those which have appeared hitherto into a small volume, to be published early in the Winter, and printed uniformly with his Treatise on Consumptions.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The new gallery of antiquities at the British Museum is now open to the public, and, according to some regulations recently adopted, more visitors than before will be admitted. The gallery in which the Townleian collection of antient sculptures, and the antiquities obtained by our arms in Egypt, with the Hamiltonian collection of antique vases, &c. have undergone an improved arrangement. However, many persons are not satisfied with the manner in which the light is admitted on the beautiful articles of sculpture deposited in the gallery of antiquities; and the width of the Townleian gallery is not so convenient as it might be for viewing the statues, &c. at a proper distance. It is said, that not any of the principal artists in this kingdom were consulted when this great national work was in hand.

A most effectual remedy against moths has been found in shavings and parings of cedar wood, or in tobacco leaves. A piece of cedar wood, if large enough to emit its peculiar odour, if put into a box, will preserve the cloth in it from injury; and the reason why moths will not injure books bound in Russia leather is, because that leather is tanned with cedar. Tobacco leaves used for destroying moths may be placed at certain intervals in the folds of a piece of wool-

len cloth, &c. and it is sufficient to examine them once in six months, to renew the leaves, if needful. Strongly scenting the shelves of shops, closets, warehouses, &c. with pitch and tar, will also preserve goods from the moth.

A translation of Richard of Cirencester on the Antient State of Britain with notes: a Commentary on the Roman Itinerary, and Remarks on the British roads and Antiquities, accompanied by the original treatise *De situ Britannia*, from the scarce work published by ProfessorBertram, of Copenhagen, is in the press.

America.

The Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, which originated in 1799, is going on in a flourishing way. Their stated meetings are on the 4th Tuesday of every second month, and their annual meeting on the 4th Tuesday in October. Their objects are the promotion of every branch of Science, and all useful Arts, but their principal aim has been to procure a statistical account of Connecticut, and an account of the town of Newhaven is now in the press. Dr. Dwight, the President of Yale College, is preparing for publication, Observations on a Series of Journies through the States of New England and New York. Its plan is new, its subjects various and interesting.

An Institution, under the name of a Theological Library, has been recently opened at Boston. Its object is to collect critical, controversial, and scarce publications in divinity, many of which are difficult to be found, and too expensive for individuals to purchase. The Hon. Jonathan Mason has made them a present of upwards of 100 volumes; and the corporation of King's Chapel have also deposited about 250 volumes for the use of the Institution, including several of the Christian Fathers, and a fine copy of Walton's Polyglott and Castell's Lexicon.—Another Theological Library, upon a still larger scale, is establishing at Andover, for the benefit of the Seminary lately established there, and orders have been sent to Europe for the purchase, to a considerable amount, of the best classical and other works for such an Institution.

East Indies.

The late annual horse fair at Hadjepore, or Hur Chitter, with the great improvement of the breed of horses, shews in a striking manner the activity that is produced by Europeans wherever they settle. Many of the colts and fillies produced at the fair, which was held in November last, exhibited an appearance of blood and a promise of bone, size, and fashion, much beyond any precedent. The prices were generally higher than the preceding year, though the concourse of Marhatta, and other foreign purchasers was not so great as before. The shew of northern horses was also less, owing to a decrease in the demand for them. But the call for horses bred in the Company's provinces appears to have increased to such an extent, that of from five to six thousand at this fair, few could be procured of more than two-years old, the prices given by foreign dealers being so high, as to entice the breeders to part with the greater proportion of their stock at a still earlier age. There were many competitors for the colts, and at the Company's Stud two of them of two years and a half old, and thorough bred, brought upwards of eight thousand rupees. The remaining thirteen of the same ages, but of inferior blood, sold at an average of about 1600 rupees each.

France.

The French are endeavouring to effect the cultivation of the sugar cane at home, in addition to their recent efforts, for growing cotton and indigo. It is a fact, that sugar is cultivated with success, near Grenada, and even much farther north. At Paris, sugar well christalized has been obtained from canes reared in the garden there. Recently, a number of canes brought from the Isle of France by M. de Coissigny, carefully reared in this garden, have been cut; and after having lopped off their tops, it was found that the smallest was six feet in height, and one of them twelve. They weighed thirty-nine pounds, twelve ounces, which, by means of two pressings, rendered nineteen pounds one ounce of sugar: the second pressing was made by adding water to the husks of the canes; this juice weighed a little less than four degrees.

The Ancient Academy of Sciences, Inscriptions, and Belles Lettres, of Toulouse, has lately been re-established by a decree of the French government, with regulations nearly the same as at first.

As a new and happy instance of the decline of religious distinctions upon the Continent, a Lyceum was opened last year at Manheim, for the mutual education of children of the three confessions in one common school.

M. la Lievre, a member of the French National Institute, has discovered a new mineral in the Island of Elba, to which he has given the name of Jenite. It is opaque, of a black colour, and sometimes inclined to brown; and is nearly four times as heavy as distilled water from a chemical analysis. It seems this mineral contains rather more than half a weight of iron, mixed with a little manganese. The rest of the stone is lime and silex, the proportion of the latter is more than double that of the lime.

M. Michaux, a Frenchman, who has published his Travels through the United States, has lately been sent a second time by the French Government, to explore the Forests of the American Continent. He has lately transmitted to the Professors of Natural History in the French Institute, several specimens of seeds, with the view of cultivating the American oak, and other useful trees, in France.

Germany.

The first volume of a dictionary of the Teutonic language has been published by M. le Camp. It makes upwards of 1000 pages in quarto, containing 26,735 articles, and yet includes only the first five letters of the alphabet. The author admits all the dialects of the Teutonic tongue, and all the technical terms of every art.

Captain Hogemuller, who is travelling in the east, under the patronage of the Archduke Charles of Austria, having invited persons of all descriptions to transmit questions to him, which he hopes to answer satisfactorily, has received upwards of 500 from the Academies of Petersburgh, Copenhagen, and Turin, the Universities of Holland, Germany, and Italy. Several statesmen have also contributed their enquiries.

A work, entitled "A Picture of Female Monastics," published at Munich, has excited considerable sensation. It has been compiled from the archives of the suppressed Nunneries in Bavaria, by M. Linpowsky.

A refined electrical instrument has been constructed by M. Ritter, of the Academy of Munich; it is endowed with the faculty of being sensible to the smallest operations of electricity. M. R.'s object is to remove the wonderful from the history of the divining rod, and to account for its properties from natural causes. He proceeds by placing a small bar of metal in equilibrium on the end of one of his fingers, mostly the longest on his left hand, holding this vertical, and shutting the others. This bar is placed so that one of its ends is next to the persons who holds it. Mr. R. calls this instrument *the Balance*; it varies by position, by contact of metals or other substances, by the person holding it; and also by the contact of persons holding by the hand. In some cases, even an approach of the head bearing the balance, affects the instrument: but actual contact is more efficacious. These variations being more frequent with some persons than others, is yet to be accounted for.

Italy.

The Abbe Gaetano Marini, first librarian of the Vatican, has lately published at Rome, 146 documents of the middle ages, written on papyrus, accompanied with historical and diplomatical illustrations. The first is a Bull of Pope John III. for finishing the Church of the Apostles about the year 570. It appears that to the end of the 11th century, the papal bulls were always written upon papyrus.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

SIR JOHN CARTER, Knt. mayor of Portsmouth, where he lately died, in his 67th year, was undoubtedly a man generally and most deservedly respected both in his private and public capacity. His parents were both dissenters, and belonged to that denomination designated by the term "*rational dissenters.*" His father was a merchant of considerable eminence

in Portsmouth: and though from the offices Sir John afterwards held, he was under the necessity of occasionally conforming, he remained firm to the principles of dissent from the doctrines and worship of the established church. In September, 1763, Mr. Carter was elected an alderman of the borough of Portsmouth; and about 1768 he began to act as a magistrate. At Michaelmas, 1769, he was chosen chief magistrate for the year.

In the summer of 1773, during his second mayoralty, the king made his first visit to Portsmouth, and at that time wished to confer the honour of knighthood on the mayor; a title, at that time held in much higher estimation than at present, but this Mr. Carter declining, was informed that his Majesty conceived his refusal proceeded from a disregard for royal favour. This consideration, and the persuasion of his friends, however, induced him to comply, and he was accordingly knighted on the 23d of June 1778. In 1784, he was appointed sheriff of the county. In fact he was five times elected mayor of Portsmouth, and it was during his sixth mayoralty that the king made his third and last visit to Portsmouth. During the mutiny at Spithead, in the spring of 1797, by his mild, conciliatory, and patient conduct, he rendered the country a very essential service. The sailors having lost three of their body, in consequence of the resistance made to their going on board the London, then bearing the flag of Adm. Colpoys, they wished to bury them in Kingston church-yard, and to carry them in procession through the town of Portsmouth. This request was most positively refused them by the governor, and they applied to Sir John, who endeavoured to move the governor in their favour, who still remaining inflexible, Sir John at length compromised the affair by getting leave for the sailors to pass through the garrison of Portsmouth in procession, and the dead bodies of their companions to be landed at the Common Hard at Portsea, where the procession was to join them. For this solicitation Sir John was stigmatized as a jacobin, and this by so many persons in high stations, that he was obliged to decline any intercourse with them: still so great was his influence over the sailors, that they most scrupulously adhered to the terms he prescribed to them in their procession to the grave, so far, that two who came ashore "a little groggy," were by the rest carefully locked up in a room by themselves, lest they should become quarrelsome. The procession was thought an interesting spectacle. Sir John accompanied them himself through the garrison, to prevent any insult being offered them. At the Common Hard he was met by his friend Mr. Godwin, a worthy magistrate of the borough. They attended the procession till it had passed the fortifications at Portsea, and the whole passed off with decency and quietness. When the sailors returned, and were sent off to their respective ships, some of the delegates from the London, came to Sir John to thank him for his kindness. Sir John seized the opportunity of enquiring after their admiral—"Do you know him, your honour?"—"Yes, I have a great respect for him, and hope you will not do him any harm." "No, by G—d, your honour, he shall not be hurt." It was then thought the admiral would have been hung at the yard-arm; he had, from precaution, even made his will, in which he left to the widows of the three men unfortunately killed, an annuity of 20l. each. The next morning the admiral was safely brought on shore, though pursued by a boat from the Mars. The delegates who accompanied him, brought him to Sir John Carter; they then desired to have a receipt for him, as a proof to their comrades, that he was safe in the hands of the civil power. The admiral himself, on his first appearance at court, afterwards acknowledged to his Majesty that he owed his life to Sir John Carter, and assured him that Sir John's principles and conduct had been misrepresented, and that he had not a more faithful and worthy subject in his dominions. In the riots, occasioned by the scarcity in 1797, Sir John's suavity of manners and unostentatious deportment were not less useful than before. In a mutiny also by the Buckinghamshire militia, among whom he fearlessly mixed, he was not less success-

ful. He was, after all, denounced at the head of a list of inhabitants to Mr. Reeves, as a jacobin, and a strong letter against him was likewise sent to the Duke of Portland, which his grace, assured of his patriotism, sent to Sir John, proposing to offer a reward for the discovery of the writer, which, with a dignified consciousness of his purity, Sir John declined. Indeed, so disinterested and honourable were his political principles, that when, in 1806, he was offered a baronetage by Mr. Fox, he declined it on the ground that he believed that to accept it as a reward would be a manifest departure from his principles. These principles it was that induced him to offer a seat in parliament for the borough, to that distinguished friend of liberty, Thomas, now Lord Erskine. The same offer being afterwards made to Sir Thomas Miller, bart. he declared that nothing but the truly honourable way in which the seat was offered him, could have induced him to return again to the fatigue of parliamentary duties. The same conciliating temper induced him also, during the late violence of party, to propose, as the other representative, some moderate member of the administration; first, the late Lord Hugh Seymour, and afterwards Captain, now Admiral Markham, in compliment to their common friend the Earl of St. Vincent. In 1804, he filled the chair of Chief Magistrate or Mayor of Portsmouth for the ninth and last time.—He was uniformly upright and impartial. He was as willing to afford relief by his purse, as by his advice. To the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, he was a guardian, and many persons had prevailed upon him to undertake the direction of their concerns, by which he set their minds at ease. Never was there a character in which there was less of self than his; in fact, his incessant attention to the duties of his office, and the interest he took in the concerns of friends and dependents, contributed to wear out a constitution not naturally strong.—His health had been gradually declining for the last 3 years. He quitted life with the same composure with which he had passed through it. His lamp went gently out. He drew his last breath during sleep, and died at 20 minutes past three in the afternoon of the 18th of May. His servants and numerous tenantry spontaneously paid the same external tribute of affection and regard that they pay to a near relative, by shutting up their houses.

A family vault was built for him in the burying ground of the Unitarian Dissenters at Portsmouth, of which society he was nearly the oldest member, the whole of whom went into mourning. He was carried to the burying place at seven in the morning of the 25th of May, by eight of his servants, and followed by his son, his youngest and only surviving brother, and his oldest nephew. Such was the public feeling on this melancholy occasion, that many hundreds of people more than could be admitted into the Unitarian Chapel, were assembled by six in the morning.

The Southern Unitarian Society have in him lost a valuable member, and mankind a friend, if the prayers and tears that followed him can be taken as any proof of the public esteem.

He has left a widow and six children. The eldest daughter is married to Captain Eveleigh, of the royal engineers. The second to Captain Giffard, of the royal navy, lieutenant-governor of the Royal Naval College. The other daughters are unmarried. His son is a minor, an amiable and promising young man. He was educated under Mr. Cogan, of Higham Hill, Walthamstow, and is now a student for the common law at Trinity College, Cambridge.

JULIEN LE ROY, the celebrated French watch-maker.—He was born at Tours in 1686, and died at Paris in 1759. He had scarcely attained his twelfth year when his taste for clock and watch-work appeared. He read all books with avidity treating of mechanics and natural philosophy. At thirteen he constructed some small pieces of clock-work, and devoted a part of the night to improve his studies. At 17 he went to Paris, and in 1713, he was admitted into the watch-makers company there. After this he soon became celebrated not only for the excellence, but also for the quickness of the execution of his work, which appeared almost incredible. Le Roy was the first Frenchman

whose watches found a market in preference to the English. Among his principal discoveries, which enabled him to obtain this pre-eminence, it is only necessary to enumerate his repeating clocks and watches; his improved seconds and horizontal clocks; his universal compass card with a sight; an useful and simple contrivance for drawing a meridian line, and finding the declination of the needle; his clocks and watches of three parts; and his new universal horizontal dial. He also found out the method of compensating for the effects of heat and cold in the balances of chronometers, by the unequal expansion of different metals, a discovery which English artists have brought to a state of almost incredible perfection, though it had been condemned and thrown aside by Pierre Le Roy, jun. The celebrated Graham, when one of Le Roy's repeaters had been shown to him by Lord Hamilton, after examining it for some time said, "I could wish I were younger that I might work from this model." This tribute then rendered him by the first watch-maker in Europe, was soon after paid him by every artist who had arrived at any degree of excellence; and the general eagerness to obtain his watches became so great that the watch-makers of Geneva put his name upon the common watches made there, in lieu of those of Tompion and Graham. He was so much esteemed in his own country, that in 1739 he had apartments in the gallery of the Louvre, as clock and watch-maker to the king. Never, says his son, was any one more accessible, more communicative, or more prodigal of his knowledge. He took as much pains to expose his art as the English took at first to hide theirs. As a general friend to the trade, the son then asks "Can we be astonished at the concourse of workmen who followed his funeral?" Julien Le Roy was very intimate with Henry Sully, and when the watch-manufactories of Versailles and St. Germain were broken up, Sully tried to persuade his friend to accept a pension from the English ambassador, and go and reside in London; but he never would consent to carry his discoveries out of his own country, or to expatriate himself. When Sully died in 1728, Le Roy was pressed to solicit the pension promised him from the king by Cardinal Fleury, but he constantly refused it, because Madame Sully had requested the king to continue it to her. It is to Le Roy we are indebted for the little that is known of Sully's life. Le Roy undertook the re-printing of one of Sully's works, and enriched it with every thing that could recommend it. He would not mix his own subjects with Sully's, but printed a part of his memoirs at the conclusion of his *Regle artificielle du Temps.* Of this eminent man, a celebrated journalist used this expression, "that to him was given the art of chaining down time, and forcing matter to represent, with the utmost precision, the rapid flight of our years." The king honoured Le Roy's death with his regret. By his marriage with Jane De Lafons, he left four sons, who all distinguished themselves. Peter Le Roy, the eldest, succeeded his father as clock and watch-maker to the king, and was the inventor of the marine watches. John was a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. Julian David was a Professor in the Royal Academy of Architecture, and was author of the Ruins of Greece. Charles Le Roy was of the Royal Academy of Montpellier; was also Professor of Medicine in the University of that city. Voltaire, it is said, called one day on Pierre Le Roy, the son, when the conversation happening to turn upon the father's improvement in watch and clock-work; after Le Roy had expatiated on them for some time, Voltaire replied, "Yes, yes; my friend Marshal Saxe, and your father, have beat the English."

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

"Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro."

A FEW years ago, the Duke of Brunswick entered France with an immense army and with bloody manifestos, threatening ruin on every opposer who should stand up for the independence of his country, and the right of a nation to manage its

own affairs without foreign interference. The French stood up valiantly for their rights, and the proud invader was driven out of their territories with disgrace. Various attempts were afterwards made by Austria, and with equal want of success; and France taught the world at that time, that a nation fighting for its liberties is superior to all the attacks of foreign mercenaries. A vain and empty declaimer of this country declared at that time, that France was blotted out of the map of Europe; that it must cease to have within itself the power of making its name either respected or feared. He counted upon the arithmetic of cabinets, and left out of his calculation the energies of the human mind, and the strength that may be exerted, even when not directed by hereditary talent and hereditary honours. A few of this nation thought differently from the wild declaimer, but the generality were of his opinion; and Great Britain united in the conflict with the sovereigns of Europe, and, instead of conquering France, contributed to raise up the mighty power of despotism, of which the world had scarcely before this time seen a parallel.

How has the scene changed! A few months ago nothing appeared likely to resist the mighty tyrant. The cabinets of Europe were under his controul. Spain might be called a dependent province. A change in its monarchy seemed to be of no use. The sovereign had consented to the introduction of French troops; they had filled the kingdom, and were in fact masters of it. This did not satisfy the Emperor of the French. Disagreements in the Spanish cabinet portended some great change, but all to be effected under Bonaparte. The world saw the old king resign his dominions to his son, and was astonished at the next step, that both the old and the new king quitted their country, and paid a visit to the French emperor at Bayonne. This step was followed by an abdication or pretended abdication of both kings, and a new sovereign was appointed by the all-powerful emperor, who, to sanction his proceedings, called a meeting of the grandees of Spain, to fabricate, in concert with him, a new constitution for the country.

Happily for Spain, it had thus got rid of its court and its principal nobles. The people were left to themselves, and were either to submit ignobly to be transferred to a new dynasty, or to work out for themselves a new constitution, and to save their country. In this critical moment, when, from the late degraded character of Spain—a character degraded more by its court, its nobles, and its priests, than by the people; in this critical moment, when all was thought to be lost, and the Spaniards were expected to be the passive instruments of the French, a flame on a sudden was lighted up, which spread with wonderful rapidity through the whole country, and from that soil sprung up a resistance to tyranny, such as threatens to stop the future career of the emperor of Europe. Spain is divided into very large provinces, and those provinces into inferior jurisdictions, formed, as it were, to be adapted to the purpose of a representative government. But the people had for many years been nothing in Spain. They had been brought by the priests into that delightful state, which a late English bishop thought the best state for a people to be in; that is, to have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. As much as was possible, the court and the priests had barred against the people every avenue to political and religious knowledge, that is, to the knowledge which most ennobles man. The Spaniards wanted something to rouse them out of this horrid state, and the conduct of the French revived the dormant flame of liberty in their bosoms.

In an instant, as it were, the people met in their several jurisdictions. They considered the state in which they were; the enemy, which was in the midst of them; the impossibility of rescuing themselves without the greatest exertions; and the disgrace of permitting another nation, and that a nation of Frenchmen, to legislate for them. They saw sufficiently the infamy of their late government; the abuses that had prevailed through the destruction of their old

constitution; the necessity there was for many changes, yet from themselves the change should originate, and they would shew to the world that they were competent for their own government and for their own safety. A point of union was necessary, and to avoid contest, all orders were issued in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh. Juntas were elected in the different jurisdictions to correspond with each other, the inferior to receive instructions from the superior juntas; and the whole to be subjected, as soon as a fit opportunity was offered, to the old constitutional assembly of the Cortez. Seville took in great measure the lead; and this was done with great propriety, as Madrid was now in the hands of the enemy; and by an old article of their constitution, the seat of government was transferred to that city, when the capital was under a foreign yoke.

But though Seville was constitutionally the Supreme Junta, its power was of little avail. The means of corresponding with different departments were cut off, and each province was compelled to act for itself, and it is wonderful with what similarity their proceedings were carried on, and how judiciously all their measures were taken. The Supreme Junta of the province, formed by delegates from the inferior juntas, were quickly assembled together; it planned its measures, issued its orders for levying and embodying troops, and distinct armies, well provided with artillery and ammunition, were in an instant created, and prepared to co-operate with each other as soon as a junction was necessary, or could be formed. When we recollect the meetings in our counties, the volumes of papers distributed by that weak politician Lord Melville, for the destruction of our own property in case of the landing of an enemy, the plans for driving cattle this way and that way, and the little that was said or thought of, of the forming of a popular force to resist the enemy,—we may well admire the wisdom of the Spanish constitution in this respect, and the facility with which every thing may be conducted when there is a spirit of energy in a people. The jurisdictions consist each of about two thousand people; every man, therefore, has a rallying point; he knows his post, and is prepared to act with his junta, which is every day acquainted with the designs of the superior and neighbouring juntas, and consequently all can co-operate in any pre-determined measure. Our Alfred, the wisest and best of kings, a king who really loved his people, and sought their good not his own,—our Alfred formed a similar plan. He divided the country into tythings and hundreds, and both for civil arrangements, resistance to an enemy, and the great purpose of free representation, this division was admirably adapted. The names now remain among us, their spirit is lost.

Proclamations were issued by the juntas to animate the citizens, containing the usual incitements to arm, but we are sorry to see them disgraced by the vilest superstition. The defence of their religion would naturally be one of the incitements; but what shall we think of a people who, in these days, can call upon the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, invoke the Mother of God (as they blasphemously term this lady), appeal to her image, and rouse themselves by the bones of some patron saint. When we see the predominance of this weakness and folly, and that the priests take so great a lead in the conduct of their affairs, we cannot but entertain some apprehensions for the result of their resistance, and some fears that, if they succeed, the country will not shake off the abominable yoke of superstition under which it has so long groaned, and which is worse than any tyranny of the French. However, it may be, that the juntas were under the necessity of paying this homage to popular prejudices, and the insertion of this nonsense was in compliance with the directions of the priests, whose sway could not, at present, be resisted. When the French are driven out of the country, the Cortez may see things in a different light, and the popular voice, unrestrained, may speak a language which the priests and the inquisition little expect. Should the result be otherwise, it is a matter of very little consequence what becomes of a nation so

infatuated as to bow the neck to priests, and to refuse to its subjects the inalienable rights of conscience—rights of far more importance than any others connected with civil government.

But we will hope better things of Spain; for some of its proclamations intimate a very considerable degree of wisdom, particularly a paper widely circulated under the name of Precautions. These point out the nature of the warfare to be undergone; the manner in which each district should be trained to arms; the mode of correspondence between army and army; the necessity of abstaining from general engagements; the mode of cutting off the supplies, and harrassing every motion of the enemy. There cannot be a doubt that, if the population of Spain is actuated really with the spirit, which from all appearances seems to actuate it; if they follow the regulations laid down in the precautions, they are perfectly competent to baffle all the efforts of the mighty conqueror. He has hitherto fought only with the mercenaries of Europe; he has not yet had to cope with a people. The policy of the cabinets of Europe has been to separate the citizen from the soldier; to give the latter instruction and discipline; to laugh at every effort of the former, and to conceive him to be incapable of using his arms with effect. The citizens, like fools and beasts, have submitted to this ignominious treatment, and, except in this island, have no where shewn what they are capable of. In our country, our volunteers have come forth, and have proved to the world, that military science is by no means incompetent with civil duties. The Spaniards have a great deal to learn, but they have time to arrange themselves. The crisis is awful: if the boasting conquerors of Europe shall be tamed by the people of Spain, it will be a grand lesson to the world, and may be the means of abolishing in every country that scourge of the human race, a standing army.

Success has hitherto attended the efforts of the Spaniards. They have struck a grand stroke at Cadiz, where they have taken possession of the French fleet; and in this action, though they were thankful for our proffered assistance, they declined our interference, being desirous that, in their deliverance from a foreign yoke, they should be as little as possible under obligations to foreigners. In the north-east also they have been eminently successful, having obtained under Palafox a signal victory over a French army. For some time, however, we must be content with general rumours. Details of actions must wait for time to arrange them. In so general an insurrection, there must be a number of partial actions, destructive to the French forces; but it does not as yet appear, that the communication between Madrid and Bayonne is shut up.

In this state of things, it cannot be doubted that Bonaparte is meditating a grand attack. He will not easily relinquish his pursuit, and it is asserted that he is collecting very great armies to be marched into Spain, to rescue his other troops, and to avenge their disgraces. We dread the issue of the first attacks, doubting that the Spaniards will be unable to cope with the French marching in large bodies, and of course horror and devastation will accompany their march. But it is in vain that Bonaparte marches with an immense army; he can secure the country only within a few miles of it. Whenever he subdivides it, for the purpose of keeping in order the remoter provinces, his detachments must be cut off. The situation of Spain, as we are their allies, and have the command of the sea, is particularly favourable to the warfare to be carried on by the inhabitants. Whenever the French troops approach the sea, our fleets will be prepared to transport troops to any quarter most able to resist them.

Whilst the Spaniards have been thus exerting themselves in their own country, Bonaparte's newly-appointed king, with the grandees and delegates of Spain, have been and are employed in framing a new constitution for the country. We cannot deny that it is a much better one than that under which the Bourbons governed the kingdom, and as to the change from a Bourbon to a Napoleon, that is of little consequence, or rather it is a great advantage; the Bourbons

have been proved to be a bad race, unfit for government, and their late conduct in Spain has completely established their character. Several improvements are laid down, such as the establishment of a regular and uniform course of justice, by which, however, we presume that it is intended to introduce the Napoleon code for the whole kingdom. The barriers which separated province from province are to be removed to the extremities of the kingdom, and thus the bands of smugglers, which led a dissolute life in the interior, will be dispersed. A prospect is opened for the establishment of a free press, which we are happy to think will be obtained, whether this constitution or that of the patriots is established. Corporations of various kinds, with improper immunities, are to be suppressed, and under this head the Inquisition, that accursed monument of Spanish degradation, will probably fall. The Cortez are to be restored, and to meet at least once in three years, and its powers are not sufficiently defined. We cannot conceive that they will be other than an assembly of deputies pensioned by the crown, which will vote black or white, just as the minister of the day pleases, and will be a body of men artfully contrived to favour rather than to counteract tyranny and despotism. The uniformity of religion is completely established, and no toleration is to be allowed. Such a preposterous and abominable article is put in, we doubt not, to curry favour with the Spaniards: they are so ignorant in this respect, that, whichever party gets the better, no alteration is likely to take place in this respect for some time; yet we cannot but think, that the power of the church will be much weakened in the contest, and its fall cannot be long prolonged.

As Bonaparte had called deputies from Spain to his imperial residence at Bayonne, he could do no less for Portugal; but the constitution for that country is not as yet manufactured. Its deputies, however, have presented a very loyal address, and are expecting this great benefit; their countrymen are of a different opinion, and have raised the standard of insurrection. It commenced at Oporto on Corpus Christi day—a day when the deluded populace in catholic countries are entertained with a procession of monks, friars, priests, abbots, bishops, images of saints, reliques, the wafer god, and all the paraphernalia of popery. On this day the French banners appeared, and a spirited young officer took occasion from them to rouse the people. In an instant the whole town rose, seized all the arms in the place, mastered the few French there, and then organised a new temporary government under the name of the Prince Regent, of which the Bishop of Oporto was set at the head. Their example was followed by the country around, and soon after the South of Portugal pursued the same measures, so that the French are left in possession only of Lisbon. At the mouth of the Tagus is lying an English squadron; within the bar, and near the town, is the Russian fleet. The French commander has, by an artifice, disarmed all the Spaniards who were under his command, and is fortifying himself against the threatened rage of the inhabitants. If the Russians stand firm to him, it will be some time before he is subdued; but most probably, before our next, all Portugal will be cleared of the French.

In this wonderful crisis how have the forces of England been employed, and what has been the feeling of this country? Deputations have arrived both from Spain and Portugal, and have been received most favourably by the cabinet. Whilst we are writing an army is under sail for either Spain or Portugal. How well might these troops have been employed a month ago, against Lisbon, and effectually cut off the retreat of the French. Troops have been prepared for some time, and it was said that a large army was to be landed in Spain, under the command of the unfortunate Duke of York. The rumour is happily contradicted by facts, for the army has sailed away without his royal highness, and we trust that he is not to follow it with a second expedition, as was the case in the unhappy affair of the Helder. The general voice has been in favour of the Spaniards; but the parliament had not an opportunity of expressing its sentiments. The language of the king has, however,

been decisive, and in answer to an address from the city of London, expressive of its feelings in the Spanish cause, he declares his readiness to assist, to the utmost of his power, to restore their ancient government, and to preserve their national independence. This promise, we believe, has been strictly observed in the sending of arms, and ammunition, and cloathing to Spain; and the landing of our armies will shew, that however tardy our ministers may appear to have been in that respect, and for which they are not to be condemned without a full examination of the cause, there is no want of disposition to give efficacy to the royal word.

Whilst every one was animated with a generous spirit for the cause of liberty, a ludicrous circumstance took place in this town, which shews how completely men may mistake their situation in society. The public has been insulted by advertisements from a society of fashionables, as they are called, which meets for the sake of pleasure, in rooms adapted for the purpose. This society has described itself in such curious terms as have made it a standing joke in conversation. The energy of the Spaniards wanted, it seems, some assistance from this society, and an advertisement appeared from these rooms of dissipation, for a meeting, to consider of their case, and to contribute to defray their expences. At this meeting scarcely any person appeared, and it was put off to another day, when again, the thinness of the meeting declared the inattention of the public to such a call. The chief personages there were Mr. Wilberforce and a fashionable colonel. The latter gave some very probable suggestions why they were so poorly attended; and this meeting broke up as the former, the party assembled judging wisely, that the place was not adapted for such purposes; and that the people of England are not so degraded as to offer up the sacrifice of patriotism at the altar of fashion.

If the south of Europe has excited so much attention since our last, the north has not been without interest, not on account indeed of Finland, where Russians and Swedes are fighting with various success, and whence the former will not easily be ejected, but from the strange circumstances that have taken place between England and Sweden. The chivalrous king has been highly applauded in this country; and a most noble subsidy has been granted to him. A large army was also sent, under the command of one of our best generals, to his assistance. For a long time its inactivity was the cause of general surprise. Then the public was astonished with accounts of a strange conference between the king of Sweden and our general, and at last, that the general had, in a wonderful manner, escaped out of Sweden on board of our fleet. Every thing was rumour. But at last facts discovered that something extraordinary had taken place with this king of chivalry, of whom our opinion, if our readers will take the trouble of examining our remarks upon his conduct, has been uniformly the same. Sir John Moore, our general, has arrived in London, and his army in our ports. It appears, that this army arrived at its destined port in Sweden, where it was never landed; that it has come back as it went, and is now likely to be employed in Spain. What can have been the cause of this strange misconduct—of this waste of strength and opportunity? The whole remains to be developed. One would think it impossible that a large army should have been sent without proper explanations on its use. With a fleet like ours, it was easy to send it into Finland, or to land it any where in Norway. We had it in our power assuredly, to make a strong diversion in favour of the chivalrous king; and it is strange that, if some misapprehensions should have arisen, we could not find some way of acting, so as to interfere, as little as possible, with any prejudice. It is said that it was all or nothing with the chivalrous king, that he would have the entire command of our army, and its disposition, or reject it altogether. We do not think this by any means unlikely; but still the court, which acts with so valiant and heroical a knight, should have foreseen and guarded against such little occurrences. However the expedition is entirely frustrated, and the opportunity was lost of freeing the Spanish troops, which are in the island of Funen, and which would

gladly have recovered, by our means, their liberty.

What the king of Sweden means to do, remains doubtful. He has left Stockholm, and is said to have gone to his army in Finland, not so much to fight as to negociate with the Russians. It is not at all improbable that a peace will take place between these two powers, and the interview between the two sovereigns must be a fine display of politics. The Russian is, however, wise enough to keep a good part of what he has got, and he will be a gainer by having extended his frontiers. The wise sovereigns will issue some grand programma on the independence of the seas, and the Baltic will be shut up against us. The chivalrous king may then return to his capital, and, after estimating the value of his losses in Germany, Pomerania, and Finland, will discover of how little consequence he has been with all his vapouring speeches during the course of the war. Throughout he has acted a poor little part, and for that has been a sufficient sufferer. He will be fortunate if his subjects are as well contented with him as he seems to be with his own conduct.

The war between Sweden and Denmark seems to have been carried on very sluggishly. The invasion of Norway has not been productive of any great advantage to the Swedes, but our advices from that quarter are very deficient. It was expected that the French troops, collected in the north of Germany and Denmark, would by this time have effected a landing in Sweden, but the troubles in Spain have probably directed the attention of the French Emperor, and nothing will be attempted in this quarter. Very probably a peace may be concluded between the northern powers, and Bonaparte will be more at liberty to effect his purposes in the south. Some little motions in Austria have encouraged hopes that that country will again enter into the conflict, but it is not likely that its emperor will risk any more battles, till the power of his late enemy and new ally is weakened. Should he move, he has as much to fear from his own subjects as from Bonaparte.

Rome has occasioned a great deal of speculation, and much blame has Bonaparte incurred for his conduct towards the holy father. The decree has at last appeared, by which the patrimony of the church has been secularised and converted it to three provinces of the kingdom of Italy. What is to become of the popedom is not yet ascertained. Some say that the Pope, foreseeing the dangers attending the church, called his holy jugglers, the cardinals, together, and in full conclave opened to them the fatal situation in which they all stood, and the necessity of his resignation of the popedom, and the choice of a new Pope. To all this the fathers of the church unanimously consented, and a new Pope was elected—Cardinal Pignatelli, the archbishop of Palermo. As the new Pope is not in Bonaparte's power, it is supposed that he may collect together, in safety, the cardinals around him, and thence issue his orders to the faithful. It is, however, a severe blow to popery, from which it will not easily recover; and if Bonaparte had done nothing worse, he would deserve the praises of posterity, for putting an end in so easy a manner to so strange, yet so ancient an imposture.

Whilst Europe is so agitated, America is enjoying, under some privations, the blessings of peace, and the people in general begin to see the wisdom of the embargo, and to applaud the president for his conduct. He seems to be one of the few sovereigns who consults more the good of the governed than the usual tricks of state policy; and if America sees this contest pass away without engaging in war, it may have a material effect in its future councils, and prevent that country from following the absurd conduct of Europeans, who seem to think that the chief business, for which government is established, is to knock each other on the head. An election is coming on for president; and though there may be a few hard words, yet a president will be elected with much less inconvenience or animosity than frequently attends a competition for one of our counties. To America we must look for improvement in the art of government; for Europe seems destined only to renew old forms, to exhibit tyranny under a change of names rather than a change of principles.

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APOLLONIAN CRITIC.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."

"*I ken he'll be true.*" A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Miss Feron at Vauxhall Gardens. Composed by Mr. Hook. Written by Mr. Fox. Price 1s.

"*O DEAR mamma ow I likes hall Mr. Ook's Scotch songs,*" cried a short chubby Miss, hot from Puddinglane, at Vauxhall Gardens the other night; and to all young Misses of the same elegant class, this song will be "*quite delightful.*" But for us, who have been bored with the same tweedle twaddle passages for twenty years past, it has no charms. T.

"*He's quite the thing.*" Sung by Mrs. Bland at Vauxhall Gardens. WRITTEN and composed by Mr. Nicks. Price 1s. 6d.

Upon perusing this song, this question arose: In which do Mr. Nicks's abilities shine forth most conspicuously as a writer, or a composer? Of his abilities as a writer we will subjoin a specimen; with which should the reader be particularly tickled, we would recommend him to purchase the song, it is *only Eighteen-pence*, and the music is really *equally good* with the words:—

When Charly *did* his love confess,
In words so sweet he *did* complain;
Pray ladies how could I do less,
Than love this charming youth again.
[*O dear! certainly nothing less, Miss.*]

For he can dance with graceful ease,
Can touch with magic skill, the string;
Form'd ev'ry female heart to please,
The girls all say he's quite the thing.

His teeth are white as mountain snow,
His sparkling eyes as jet as black;
[*Oh! the sweet fellow.*]
In short, the truth to let you know,
There is no charm which he doth lack.
[*Of course he* fiddles *a little; Miss, and writes* poetry.]
The merry Dance, &c.

With him I went to sweet Vauxhall,
[*Did you go in a* boat, *Miss?*]
And crowds of well-dress'd beaux were there;
But none I saw amongst them all,
With my dear Charly could compare.
Then ladies do not blame me, pray,
[*Nobody does, my dear.*]
For when he bought a wedding ring,
[*Oh! shocking.*]
I blush'd, but could not answer nay,
Because you know he's quite the thing.
[POOR THING.]

We will only beg leave to add a couplet in the same sublime strain of poetry as the above:

Would you avoid hard critic kicks,
Pray *write* no more good Master Nicks.

T.

"*Do as you would be done by.*" A new Song, sung by Mr. Dignum, at Vauxhall. Song composed by Mr. Hook. Price 1s.

Really, Messieurs, the managers of Vauxhall Gardens, we would recommend the above maxim to yourselves. For we can hardly persuade ourselves, if you possess any musical appetite, that you would feel satisfied at having such wretched fare as are this and the foregoing songs, presented to you; particularly after having paid your *three and sixpence* for it. We, therefore, do most humbly intreat, right worshipful Sirs, that you would "*Do as you would be done by,*" and give us something better in future. T.

"*Kais*"—(concluded from page 534 of last vol.)—"*Over burning desert sands.*" A Ballad, sung by Mrs. Mountain. Composed by Mr. Braham.

It is truly mortifying to find such a composition as the one before us, put into the hands of one of the most pleasing female singers of the present day. For this reason only we have deigned to notice it, otherwise we should have treated it with silent contempt. The passage which follows the 1st double bar, is so extremely common, that had "Rowland Hill" heard it he would have exclaimed "*My congregation have sang that so often that I am really tired of it.*" The 4th, 5th, and 6th bars of page 63. are also replete with all the *fire* and *science* of a "*Madan,*" a *Walker, a Breillat, a Milgrove, a Jacobs,* &c. &c. or any of the tribe of psalm-singing composers, whose extensive knowledge of the science does not exceed the key, the 5th of it, and its relative minor. Fie, fie, Mr Braham, to attempt that which your abilities never were, nor ever will be, equal to, cannot you content yourself with having deceived *the rude ears of John Bull by frittering away millions of semitones,* and sacrificing both sense and sound, thereby inducing an audience (amidst the confused mixture of *ignorance* and *surprise*) to applaud that which is absolutely unintelligible? This is a species of *trickery* which you possess in the greatest degree imaginable, for *you know* it is not singing in that finished stile which is generally admired, although it must have answered *your purpose* long ere this, but *Jews* and *Misers* know no bounds to their avarice.

"*On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head,*" and "*The Bewildering Maid,*" sung and composed by Mr. Braham, are pleasing trifles, very familiar to the ear, *and not quite destitute of modulation.* Upon the whole we think them "*highly creditable to the talents of Mr. Braham.*" H.

"*Caractacus,*" a Ballet of Action, performed at Drury Lane Theatre. Composed by Mr. Bishop. 8s.

Overture. This composition commences with a fine adagio movement in the key of C minore; its bold and impressive stile at once evinces the author to be a man well acquainted with the secrets of good composition, and ranks him in the first class of professional eminence; but we are sorry that we cannot bestow our unqualified praise on the 2d movement. We do not mean to say that there are any grammatical errors in the modulation, nor do we intend to find fault with the disposition of the parts, but there is a strained attempt at originality, a quaintness of ideas which is not pleasing to the ear, and, in short, there is something like plagiarism in several

parts of this movement, particularly the commencement of it, and also the passage for the octave flute and its accompaniments, both of which strongly remind us of that beautiful and original composition, the *Overture to Lodoiska*. We have no doubt but Mr. B. has fallen into this error, from his eagerness to produce *something new*, considering him (as we do) a composer above mediocrity. We hope he will be more circumspect in future. The 3d movement is a fine old Welch air in the key of F natural, which is well introduced by the 2d movement closing on the chord of the 2d, 4th, and 6th, to B flat. Mr. B. was very happy in this idea, the effect being both unique and beautiful. This movement is very judiciously arranged for the oboe, harp, and flute; and the 4th movement consists of a sprightly air in six-eight time, which concludes this very respectable piece of composition.

"*Breathe my harp, ye groves resound.*" Sung by Messrs. Dignum, Gibbon, Miller, and Smith.

In this quartetto there is great taste and science displayed. Mr. B. has adopted a simple subject, which he has worked and managed with a masterly precision rarely to be met with in the works of modern composers. His abrupt modulation from the key of A with 4 flats, to the 4th and 6th, and common chord with a sharp 3d, to D natural (thereby forming an introductory cadence to the key of G minore) bespeaks the master in every sense of the word. We have seen this passage in the works of *Winter*, and other eminent composers; but taking it for granted that Mr. B. never did, we are willing to ascribe it to the effusions of a well-cultivated genius, which he possesses (we are happ to find) in a very great degree, and we sincerely wish that he may be frequently employed by the managers of our theatres, as we consider him one of the *few* that merit their particular attention.

"*March for the Procession coming to the Sacrifice.*"

We merely notice this piece in order to point out to Mr. B. an error which has crept into it, and which we should be sorry to see repeated in any of his future productions: from what we have seen of his composition we are willing to allow that the error alluded to, is the result of carelessness. At the close of the 3d bar, and at the commencement of the 4th, we find two consecutive 5ths, which move in similar motion with the bass; this is not only a forbidden progression, but it produces a hard and disagreeable effect. The same error occurs several times in the course of the march. H.

Erratum—Page 535, last vol. for *imposters* read *impostors*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to receive future communications from "H. R. W."

The last letter of "W. H. Shephard," has, probably, ere this, been laid before the committee.

We thank "Amicus," for the high opinion he expresses of our work. His Hints, as far as is practicable, shall be attended to.

"Brandon" is informed that the errors he mentions are accidental. His threat we laugh at.

"J. S. H." has been anticipated. In the poetical department for this month, he will find his other request attended to.

We wish we could oblige "J. H." by inserting his *Monody*.

The remarks of "W. Durrant," are proper, but do not seem to require insertion.

The communication of "A. Z." is trifling.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

IMPROVEMENTS IN WESTMINSTER.—A report and memorial of the Commissioners for making Improvements in Westminster, near Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, presented to the Lords of the Treasury, has recently been printed by order of the House of Commons. It states the improvements which have already been made, and those which are proposed. The former are sufficiently known. The amount of purchases made for the purpose of completing them is 102,314l. 2s. 9d.

The remaining buildings and grounds which are proposed to be purchased, extend from the Office of the Woods and Forests in Great George-street North, inclusive, along King-street East, and by the Broad Sanctuary South to the New Court-House, and from thence West to Princes-street, with a proportionate depth. The estimated amount of the purchases of these buildings and grounds is 75,250l. 2s. exclusive of 13,714l. 2d. for the freehold interest of the Dean and Chapter, but this latter sum subject to an arrangement with the Dean and Chapter, for a purchase for a term of years, which would greatly reduce the amount.

The Commissioners then proceed to state their plans for further improvement. The first of these is the building a new Exchequer behind the present buildings, and parallel to the river, for which purpose it would be necessary, in the first instance, to make good the line of ground next the river by an embankment. They suggest, that if this plan is adopted, a convenient opportunity might be found for concentrating within the precincts of such a building several public offices of importance, now scattered in different parts of the metropolis. They particularize the offices of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, Surveyor General of Crown Lands, Woods and Forests, First Fruits Office, State Paper Office. They also suggest the expediency of transferring thither the College of Arms, and exchanging a new building for that purpose, for the scite on which the present College stands. With respec to the appropriation of the ground to be purchased, they propose, in the first place, to give such a breadth to that part of King-street which points from the North transept of the Abbey towards Whitehall, as may correspond with any future considerable enlargement of King-street (to clear the line of approach between the Banqueting-house and the North transept). Upon the rest of the space between Great George-street, King-street, and the New Court-house, they propose there should be erected 27 dwelling houses of different rates, a large stable-yard, and a building to contain a tavern, coffee-house, and 20 sets of chambers; the whole ground to be let on building leases for 99 years, with suitable covenants for building the houses, according to a prescribed plan. The rent to arise from this ground they estimate at 1066l. 10s. per ann. deducting from which an equivalent for the interest of the Dean and Chapter, estimated at 466l. 10s. in the event of a lease from them instead of a purchase, there would remain to the public a net ground rent of 600l. per ann. worth in present money 15,000l. in addition to which the value of old materials is estimated at 4000l.

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.—Important case in the Court of Exchequer, before the Chief Baron Macdonald, July 11.—*The Attorney General* v. *Brown and Parry.*—This was an information against the defendants and others, proprietors of the Golden-lane Brewery, to recover extra duties than those ordinarily paid by Common Brewers. The Solicitor-General stated the case to the jury. He said it was an information filed against the defendants for duties, which would raise a question of the first importance, not only to the parties concerned but to the public, who were materially interested in the decision. By the 12th of Charles the Second an allowance was given to common brewers for leakage, fillage, &c. which a-

mounted to 1-12th of the duties imposed. That allowance had been recognised and approved by subsequent acts, with this modification, that the parties claiming it must be wholesale brewers, and not victuallers retailing the produce of their own brewery. The learned counsel then stated, that the defendants had established a porter brewery in Golden-lane, in the city of London, and though the firm was comprised of many partners, the whole were considered as common brewers and wholesale dealers.

Upon investigation, however, it appeared, that out of 600 persons who had signed the original deed of partnership, there were at least 120 licensed victuallers, who retailed the beer brewed in their character of common brewers. Now the act gave the allowance only to wholesale dealers, and as that character was inconsistent with that of a victualler and retailer of porter, the fact alluded to had raised a question, whether they were entitled to the allowance secured to them by the statute of King Charles; and whether, on the contrary, they were not to be considered as licensed victuallers, brewing their own beer to sell again, and in that case subject to the additional 1-12th which, as common wholesale brewers, they would be entitled to as a drawback? That was the only question in the cause, and further, that there was no ground for hostility against the parties.

The Chief Baron observed, that the question propounded was clearly a question upon the construction of the statute, and suggested the propriety of the facts being collected into a special case, and left for the determination of the Court.

This was mutually acceded to, and, in order to establish the fact of the beer being sold to the individuals connected with the brewery, at the same rate that it was sold to all the rest of the public—a Mr. William Bury was called, who proved the fact most indisputably, so that the individuals enrolled as partners in the concern derived no more advantage from the concern in respect of the beer they retailed than any other individual, however distant and unconnected. In short, that his character of retailer was in no ways connected with the defendants as common brewers or wholesale dealers.

The learned judge said, that was a very material fact to be stated on the case, as the object of the legislature was clearly to give an allowance to the wholesale brewer, for the leakage and fillage; and it was essentially necessary for the defendants to substantiate that description of dealing.

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan observed, that the defendants had never dealt in any other character than as common brewers, and were in no respect chargeable to the additional duty. The learned counsel then remarked on the benefit derived to the public from the excellent institution in question. He said the revenue had been increased by it in no less a sum than 100,000l. annually, and he believed, if the bills of mortality were consulted, it would appear, that a saving of the lives of his Majesty's subjects had been produced in equal ratio as the revenues had been increased. The utility, therefore, of the institution was indisputable, and such as must meet the approbation of the government as well as the public. With respect to certain members of the brewery vending the beer brewed for the partnership account, it was nothing more than every common brewer did every day. They had all, with the exception of the firm in question, houses of their own, and it was no uncommon thing to put in their own servants, and in the interval of their getting a tenant, sell their own beer on their own account. They had also taps attached to the brewhouse, where their own beer was sold, and, in the literal and strict sense of the word, were at times retailers as well as wholesale dealers. Nothing of this was, however, attributable to the defendants.

Here it was suggested, that if the case was to be left to the Judges of the Court, there was no necessity for arguing the point at length; and the Solicitor-General wished to know if the defendants, on the ground of public utility, would have any objection to pay the duties they admitted to be due, amounting to near 24,000l. without prejudicing the question at issue?

Mr. Brown, who was in Court, exclaimed, "Certainly not!" and im-

mediately tendered Exchequer bills to the amount; and if those were not satisfactory, he proposed to pay down the sum in hard cash the following day; and to show that the concern had no disposition to act with hostility towards the Excise, they were willing to pay interest upon the duties from the time they had been brought into litigation and dispute.

This was accepted as a handsome offer by the Solicitor-General; and the question as above stated stands over for the decision of the Judges in next Michaelmas term.

The LATE HOT WEATHER occasioned the following accounts to be transmitted to the newspapers:—

Manor-House, Hayes, Middlesex, July 13, 1808.

Mr. EDITOR,—The extraordinary heat of yesterday and to-day (which exceeds any ever previously experienced in England) induces me to send you a correct account of it, as observed in a north open aspect at this house, by two thermometers by Ramsden and Cary, quite detached.

	deg.
On Tuesday the 12th, at two p. m. both stood at	87
At midnight	69
At half-past 11 this morning	90
And at this inst. both have fallen to	88

The hot Sunday and Tuesday, in the year 1790, only amounted to 83 degrees in open shaded situations.—The average heat of the West Indies is about 82 degres. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. WALKER.

The thermometer, under the northern entrance of the Royal Exchange, was, on the 14th, at noon, at 87.

The thermometer, in the shade at a window in the open air, opposite St. James's Park, (without any reflection of heat) was, on Tuesday the 12th, at 3 o'clock *p. m.* at 88½, and on Wednesday at 94.

A letter from Bath, dated Thursday the 14th, says, "The heat of the weather during the last two days has been most intense. Yesterday, at one in the afternoon, the thermometer in the shade, and exposed to a current of air, stood at 84; partially exposed to the sun, it rose to 104; and when fully exposed, in a south aspect in the afternoon, its range was from 111 to 116, and we understand that even higher temperature was remarked."

At an elevated situation in Hampstead, on Tuesday the 12th inst. an accurate Fahrenheit's thermometer suspended in the shade, about a foot distant from a brick wall facing the north, which is slightly covered with the foliage of currant bushes, pointed as follows:

	deg.
12 o'clock, noon	86
1 —— afternoon	88
2	89
3	88½
4	87
5	84½
6	83½
7	81½
8	75½
9	72
10	70

The sun-shine was sometimes interrupted by thin clouds; some wind was stirring. Barometer, 29. 7.

There was a tornado, at an early hour on Thursday morning the 14th, at Enfield, which did considerable damage in the neighbourhood. About 3 o'clock, a whirlwind took two trees in St. James's Park, nearly opposite the Palace, stripped them completely of their branches, and left them like flag-staves. It was singular, that, at the same moment, there was hardly a breath of air to be felt out of its range. A person, who was on the spot, compared it, as to size and velocity, to that of a water-spout. It made a noise like the crash of a falling house, and raised a cloud of dust so dense, as to obstruct all vision.—Its influence was also felt in the Strand near Temple-bar. Whirlwinds, though of less force, took place, in the course of the day, in various parts of the town.

The heat of the weather was so oppressive during five days, that not less than fifty mail-coach and post-horses have been killed by it in their work upon the great north road.

GALLANT ACTION *between his Majesty's frigate Tartar, Capt. Bettesworth, and six Danish gun-boats and a schooner, off the coast of Norway.*

Extract of a letter from an officer, on board his Majesty's ship Tartar, dated Leith Roads, May 20:—"We sailed from Leith on the 10th inst. to cruise

off North Bergen, and intercept a frigate, said to be in that harbour. We got on the coast on the 12th, but from the very thick fogs, could not stand in till the 15th, when we made the islands to the westward of Bergen, and on our hoisting Dutch colours, there came off twelve Norwegians in two boats, from whom we learnt the frigate had sailed eight days before for the East Indies, with three or four ships. They took us through a most intricate rocky passage, till within five or six miles of Bergen, when they refused to take her any further. It being the captain's intention to reach the town with the frigate, and bring off the shipping, among which were three privateers, we anchored in the Straits, with springs on our cables, and in the evening the boats, with the captain, first and third lieutenants, and master, went up to the town, and would probably have cut out an East Indiaman lying under the battery, had not the guard-boat, which was without her, fell in with and fired on the launch, who returned the fire, wounding all their people severely, and took her: this alarmed the town, who sounded their bugles, and manned the batteries; and we finding the ships lie within a chain, without which it would be difficult to get them, returned to the frigate, leaving the launch, commanded by Lieutenant Sykes, to watch the enemy. We immediately got the ship under weigh, but from the lightness of the wind, and intricacy of the passage, could not get near Bergen; and when about half way from our anchorage, in a narrow rocky strait, without a breath of wind, and a strong current—in this situation we were attacked by a schooner and five gun-boats, who were within half-gun shot, lying under a rocky point, each mounting two 24-pounders, except the schooner, and manned with troops. They kept up a well-directed fire, hulling us in ten or eleven places, and cutting much our rigging and sails. One of their first shots killed our gallant captain in the act of pointing a gun. The service has thus lost a most valuable commander, who had attached the whole of his crew to him, officers and men, by the most kind and exemplary conduct. Although the force with which we were engaged was comparatively small, yet, when it is known that we were at this time drifting towards the enemy, nearly end on, no wind, a narrow passage full of rocks, on which we were driving, with no anchorage, under heights manned by their troops, no guns to bear on the boats, and a crew newly-impressed, most of whom had never been engaged, it must be confessed to be a situation in which nothing but the greatest exertions on the part of Lieutenant Caiger (then commanding), and the rest of the officers, could relieve her. We at length brought our broadside to bear on them; one vessel was sunk, and the rest much shattered. They continued the attack for an hour and a half, and were re-manned by small boats during it—at length a light air sprung up; we wore and stood towards the enemy, getting our bow-guns forward, which bore on them, and compelled them to bear up, and row under the batteries of Bergen, where we found it would not be adviseable to follow, from the general alarm that had been raised. We now obliged the natives on board to attempt a passage with the ship to the northward, in prosecuting which we fell in with our launch, Lieutenant Sykes, and picked her up. We passed many difficult passages, through which we boomed the frigate off with spars, and towed her, and at three cleared the islands, and stood out for sea. We have preserved the body of our heroic captain, and shall, if possible, also that of Mr. H. Fitzhugh, (a midshipman), a fine promising youth, who fell at the time the captain did. They are the only killed; we have one man lost his right arm, another severely wounded, and several slightly. Most of our shot holes are between wind and water."

A very promising institution under the denomination of "The Caledonian Asylum," is about to be established in this Metropolis, under the patronage of the Highland Society of London, for the maintenance and education of a limited number of the sons of such Scottish sailors, soldiers, and marines, as may have served their country, died in the service, or been disabled, &c. The boys are to be

taught reading in English and Gaelic, Writing, and Arithmetic; in addition to which they will receive such preparatory instructions as may be necessary to qualify them for the Royal Navy, or merchants' service, as well as for the trades connected with a seafaring life, and such of them as shall possess the military ardour of their forefathers, are to receive a preparatory education suitable to the army. Into this Institution also are to be admitted a certain number of girls, the offspring of such parents as are above described, who are to receive an education suitable to their situation in life, as well as in every domestic employment, to make them useful servants, and to be brought up in the knowledge and practice of virtue and religion. In order to render this Institution the more complete, a Gaelic chapel, in which divine service is to be performed in the Gaelic and English languages alternately on the same day, is to form a prominent branch of the establishment.

Amongst the numerous useful experiments to which Galvanism has given rise, are some which satisfactorily account for the blighted and decayed state of branches of fruit trees, while other branches of the same plant remain healthy, an appearance generally ascribed by gardeners to lightning. From conclusive research and observation, it has been ascertained that this effect is produced by the oxidation of the nails or iron cramps, by which the branches are supported, coming in contact with the bark.—Plants in general are in a short time withered and killed by Galvanism, and Galvanism is produced in a greater or less degree by every metal passing into a state of oxidation, and is greatest of course in rainy seasons, when the oxidation is most rapid.

Deaths in and near London.

At his house, in Hornsey-lane, Highgate, aged 38, George Idle, Esq.—At his house, in Percy-street, Rathbone-place, aged 71, F. Morland, Esq. a Magistrate of Hertfordshire.—Mr. R. Jones, of Mark-lane, brandy-merchant, a well-known eccentric character, especially on the Custom-House Quays. He is said to have died worth 500,000*l.* which he has bequeathed to a number of poor relations.—In the 83d year of his age, Mr. Calvert. Lady Campbell gave an elegant Ball, at her house in Wimpole-street. No pains or expense were spared to render the entertainment worthy of the numerous and distinguished persons who were invited and attended. The dancing commenced at an early hour. An elegant supper followed. Harmony and pleasure prevailed, until an event happened in the ball-room, which banished all happiness and comfort from the scene in a moment; it was no less than the sudden death of one of the dancers, Mr. Calvert, who actually dropped down dead. Mr. Calvert burst a blood vessel in going down a reel. The utmost terror and distress were depicted in the countenance of every one of the guests; as for Lady Campbell, she fainted from the fright. This melancholy event broke up the assembly. Most of the company departed in tears. Mr. Calvert was much respected in a very extensive circle of friends. He was the son of —— Calvert, Esq. of North Audley-street.—At a very advanced age, at his house in Whitehall, James Duff, Earl of Fife, Viscount Macduff, Baron Braco, of Kilbryde, in the county of Cavan. His lordship was created a British peer in 1710, by the title of Baron Fife, in the county of Fife; he was Lord Lieutenant of Banffshire. He succeeded his father William, the late Earl, September 30, 1753; married, in 1766, Lady Dorothea Sinclair, only child of Alexander, ninth Earl of Caithness, by Lady Margaret Primrose, daughter of Archibald, fourth Earl of Roseberry. His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by the Hon. Alexander Duff, now Earl of Fife.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

AMERICA.

Letter from Mr. Jefferson to the Delegates of the Democratic Republicans of the City of Philadelphia, in general committee assembled.

"The epoch, fellow-citizens, into which our lot has fallen, has indeed been fruitful of events, which require vigilance and embarrass deliberation. That, during such a period of difficulty, and amidst the perils surrounding us, the public measures

which have been pursued should meet your approbation, is a source of great satisfaction.

"It was not expected, in this age, that nations, so honourably distinguished by their advances in science and civilization, would suddenly cast away the esteem they had merited from the world, and revolting from the empire of morality, assume a character in history, which all the fears of their posterity will never wash from its pages.—But, during this delirium of the warring powers, the ocean having become a field of lawless violence, a suspension of our navigation, for a time, was equally necessary to avoid contest, or enter it with advantage. This measure will indeed produce some temporary inconvenience, but promises lasting good, by promoting among ourselves the establishment of manufactures hitherto sought abroad, at the risk of collisions no longer regulated by laws of reason or morality.

"It is to be lamented that any of our citizens, not thinking with the mass of the nation as to the principles of our government, or of its administration, and seeing all its proceedings with a prejudiced eye, should so misconceive and misrepresent our situation as to encourage aggression from foreign nations. Our expectation is, that their distempered views will be understood by others, as they are by ourselves. But should war be the consequence of these delusions, and the errors of our dissatisfied citizens find atonement only in the blood of their sounder brethren, we must meet it as an evil necessarily flowing from that liberty of speaking and writing which guards our other liberties; and I have entire confidence in the assurances that your ardour will be animated, in the conflicts brought on, by considerations of the necessity, honour, and justice of our cause.

"I sincerely thank you, fellow-citizens, for the concern you so kindly express for my future happiness. It is a high and abundant reward for endeavours to be useful; and I supplicate the care of Providence over the well being of yourselves and our beloved country.

May 25, 1808. "T. JEFFERSON."

SPAIN.

PRECAUTIONS *which it will be proper to observe throughout the different provinces of Spain, in the necessity to which they have been driven by the French, of resisting the unjust and violent possession which their armies are endeavouring to take of the kingdom.*

We cannot doubt a moment of the exertions which the united provinces of Spain would make to obstruct and defeat the malicious designs of the French, and that they will sacrifice even their lives on this occasion, the most important, and unparalleled in the history of the nation, both in the thing itself, and in the horrible means of ingratitude and perfidy by which the French have undertaken, pursued, and are still endeavouring to affect, our slavery:—

1. Let the first object be to avoid all general actions, and to convince ourselves of the very great hazards, without any advantage, or even the hope of it, to which they would expose us. The reasons of this resolution are many, and such as any one will discover who has the use of his understanding.

2. A war of partisans is the system which suits us; the embarrassing and wasting the enemy's armies by want of provisions, destroying bridges, throwing up entrenchments in proper situations, and other similar means. The situation of Spain, its many mountains, and the passes which they present, its rivers and torrents, and even the collocation of its provinces, invite us to carry on this species of warfare successfully.

3. It is indispensable that each province should have its General, of known talents, and of such experience as our situation permits, that his heroic loyalty should inspire the utmost confidence, and that every General should have under his command officers of merit, particularly of artillery and engineers.

4. As a combined union of plans is the soul of every well-concerted enterprise, and that which alone can promise and facilitate a successful issue, it appears indispensable that there should be three Generalissimos, who should act in concert with each other

—one who should command in the four kingdoms of Andalusia, in Murcia, and Lower Estramadura—another in Gallicia, Upper Estramadura, Old and New Castile, and Leon—another in Valencia, Arragon, and Catalonia; a person of the greatest credit being appointed to Navarre, the Biscayan Provinces, Montanus, Asturias, Rioja, and the North of Old Castile, for the purposes which will be mentioned hereafter.

5. Each of these Generals and Generalissimos will form an army of veterans, troops and peasantry united, and put himself in a situation to undertake enterprizes, and to succour the most exposed points, keeping up always a frequent communication with the other Generalissimos, in order that all may act by common accord, and assist one another.

6. Madrid and La Mancha require an especial General, to concert and execute the enterprizes which their particular local situation demands—his only object must be to embarrass the enemy's armies, to take away or cut off their provisions, to attack them in flank and rear, and not to leave them a moment of repose. The courage of these inhabitants is well-known, and they will eagerly embrace such enterprises, if they are led as they should be. In the succession war the enemy entered twice into the interior of the kingdom, and even as far as its capital, and this was the cause of their defeat, their entire ruin, and their utter failure of success.

7. The Generalissimos of the north and east will block up the entrances to the provinces under their command, and come to the assistance of any one that may be attacked by the enemy, to prevent as much as possible all pillage, and preserve its inhabitants from the desolation of war, the many mountains and defiles which are on the confines of these provinces being favourable to such projects.

8. The destination of the General of Navarre, Biscay, and the rest of this department, is the most important of all, in which he will be assisted by the Generals of the north and east, with the troops and other succours which he stands in need of. His whole business must be to shut the entrance of Spain against fresh French troops, and to harass and destroy those that return from Spain to France by this point. The very rugged local situation of these provinces will be of singular advantage in such a design, and these enterprises, if well concerted and carried into execution, will no doubt be successful: and the same may be understood of the different points by which the French troops which are in Portugal may come into Spain, or by which French troops may enter through Rolissillon into Catalana, for there is not much to be apprehended for Arragon. And, even from Portugal, it is not thought that they will escape, on account of the proclamations which have been circulated in that kingdom, and the hatred which they before bore to the French being increased without measure by the innumerable evils which they have been made to suffer, and the cruel oppression in which they are held by them.

9. At the same time it would be very proper that the generalissimos should publish and circulate frequent proclamations amongst the people, and rouse their courage and loyalty, shewing them that they have every thing to fear from the horrible perfidy with which the French have dealt with all Spain, and even with their King Ferdinand VII. and that if they rule over us all is lost, kings, monarchy, property, liberty, independence, and religion; and that therefore it is necessary to sacrifice our lives and property in defence of the king and of the country, and though our lot (which we hope will never come to pass) should destine us to become slaves, let us become so fighting and dying like gallant men, not giving up ourselves basely to the yoke like sheep, as the late infamous government would have done, and fixing upon Spain and her slavery eternal ignominy and disgrace. France has never domineered over us, nor set her foot in our territory. We have many times mastered her, not by deceit, but by force of arms, we have made her kings prisoners, and we have made the nation tremble—we are the same Spaniards, and France, and Europe, and the world shall see, that we are not less gallant, nor less brave, than the most glorious of our ancestors.

10. All persons of education in the provinces should be stimulated to frame, print, and publish frequent short discourses, in order to preserve the public opinion, and the ardour of the nation, confuting at the same time the infamous diaries of Madrid, which the baseness of the late government has permitted, and still permits, to be published in Madrid itself, and has caused to be circulated abroad, detecting their falsehoods and continual contradictions; let them cover with shame the miserable authors of these diaries, and sometimes extend their remarks to those Charlatans, the French Gazetteers, and even to their *Moniteur*; and let them display and publish to Spain, to all Europe, their horrible falsehoods and venal praises, for they afford abundant matter for such a work. Let all such perverted minds tremble at Spain, and let France know that the Spaniards have thoroughly penetrated their designs, and therefore it is that they justly detest and abominate them, and that they will sooner lay down their lives than submit to their iniquitous and barbarous yoke.

11. Care shall be taken to explain to the nation, and to convince them, that when freed, as we trust to be, from this civil war, to which the French have forced us, and when placed in a state of tranquillity, our Lord and King Ferdinand VII. being restored to the Throne, under him and by him the Cortes will be assembled, abuses reformed, and such laws shall be enacted as the circumstances of the time and experience may dictate for the public good and happiness.—Things which we Spaniards know how to do, which we have done as well as other nations, without any necessity that the vile French should come to instruct us, and, according to their custom, under the mask of friendship, and wishes for our happiness, should contrive, for this alone they are contriving, to plunder us, to violate our women, to assassinate us, to deprive us of our liberty, our laws, and our king, to scoff at and destroy our holy religion, as they have hitherto done, and will always continue to do so as long as that spirit of perfidy and ambition which oppresses and tyrannises over them shall endure.

JUAN BAUTISTA PARDO,
Secretary.

By Order of the Supreme Junta.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

DORSETSHIRE.

DIED.] Suddenly, much regretted for his pleasantry and ready wit, William Churchill, esq. of Hanbury, Dorsetshire, of the same family as John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and the lineal representative, by his mother's side, of the original stock from which the Lowndes's of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire are sprung; his mother being Sarah Lowndes, the daughter and sole heiress of John Lowndes, esq. of Overton and Lea-hall in Cheshire, and of Shepherdwell in Kent. He was first married to Lady Louisa Greville, sister to the Earl of Warwick, by whom he has left a son and heir. His second wife, now a widow, was the relict of the late Earl of Strafford. Mr. Churchill was great nephew, and one of the heirs of Thomas Lowndes, esq. a clerk in the Treasury, who founded an Astronomical Professorship at Cambridge; and who, at great expense and trouble, invented the bay salt that goes by his name; but for which invention 25,000l. is *still* due from Government to the executors of the above Thomas Lowndes, who died in 1748.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Hereford Midsummer Fair exhibited a large quantity of wool for sale, but owing to the present restricted state of foreign commerce, the number of buyers was small, and the finer and coarser sorts went at full 20 per cent. lower than last year's prices. In the morning a good deal of coarse wool was sold, and in the evening, and on Saturday morning, the finer sorts went off briskly, but owing to the large supply, some remained unsold, particularly the coarser. The following is a fair average of the prices given by two considerable purchasers: fine wool,

27s. to 32s. and coarse wool, 17s. 6d. to 25s. per stone; Merino as high as 38s. 6d. The cattle market exhibited several beautiful animals of the breed of the county, but the number of beasts was not large; the buyers were few. Fat cattle sold well, at fair prices, but lean ones were in little demand, and something lower. The quantity of sheep, particularly fat ones, was not so large as is customary at this fair, and many buyers could not procure the number of the latter they wanted; of course they sold well; but for lean ones there were very few purchasers, and they went at reduced prices. Of horses we can say little; good ones, as usual, went very high, and all sorts were in demand. Hops averaged from 2l. 10s. to 4l. 4s. per cwt.

It must prove highly satisfactory to the public to be informed, that 11,000 acres of waste land are enclosing, and planting with oak for his Majesty's use, in the Forest of Dean, and 6,000 acres in New Forest, for the same purpose specially, the whole to be under the management of Commissioners appointed for that purpose. These extensive national plantations are to be kept strictly enclosed from the browse of deer and cattle, until the trees are grown out of danger, and then to be laid open for feeding, when an additional quantity of other waste land is to be enclosed and planted, in proportion to that which may be thus laid open.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

At the late Agricultural Meeting at Berkhampstead, Mr. Flower, of Hertford, gave as a toast, Mary Bowdell, aged 60, living in Hertfordshire. The reason of introducing such a person to their notice was, that she had spun one pound of Merino wool into yarn, so fine that it was considered by those who were competent judges, to excel any ever attempted; it measured in length 29 miles 200 yards.

KENT.

Died.] At her brother's house at Cranbrook, in the 68th year of her age, Mrs. Paine, wife of the celebrated Mr. Thomas Paine, author of the Rights of Man, &c. to whom she was married in 1761. She lived only three years with her husband, when a separation is said to have taken place owing to his inhuman behaviour. She was the daughter of Mr. Olive, a respectable tradesman in Lewes. She lived respected and died lamented, a firm believer in the doctrines of the gospel.—At the Vicarage-house, Petham, in the 68th year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Randolph, M.A. He was brother to the present Bishop of Bangor, and eldest son of the late Rev. Thomas Randolph, D.D. Archdeacon of Oxford, and Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and President of Christ Church College, Oxford. He was educated at Westminster-School, and was formerly student of Christ Church, Oxford. He had been many years rector of the united parishes of Saltwood and Hythe, and also vicar of Petham and Waltham, in this county.

LANCASHIRE.

Died.] In Manchester, Mr. P. Connor, late box-book-keeper of the Theatre-royal. Mr. Connor had been many years known in public and private life. Formerly he conducted the business of the theatre in Manchester, as joint manager, and was long much esteemed as a respectable comedian: he had variously experienced the smiles and frowns of fortune; in prosperity he was hospitable and generous—in adversity he was a stranger to a mean or dishonourable act. When a boy, he was taken into the service of the late celebrated Edward Shuter, the great comedian of his day, with whom he lived for several years with fidelity and affection. His remains were interred at St. John's, attended by Mr. M'Cready, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Barrymore, and several other gentlemen of the theatre.——Lately, at the advanced age of 110 years and six months, Mary Ralphson, Kent-street, born January 1st, 1698, old style, at Lochabar, in Scotland; married Ralph Ralphson, then a private in the army of Duke William; she followed the same, and was an attendant on her husband in several memorable engagements both in England and Scotland. On the breaking out of the war in French Flanders, she embarked with the troops, and shared their toils and vicissitudes. In the battle of Dettingen, being on the

field during the heat of the conflict, and surrounded with heaps of slain, she observed a wounded dragoon fall by her side: she disguised herself in his clothes, mounted his charger, and regained the retreating army, in which she found her husband, with whom she returned to England, and accompanied him in his after campaigns with Duke William. She has chiefly subsisted, of late years, by the assistance of some benevolent ladies of Liverpool, who have contributed every thing in their power to her comfort and accommodation.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At Stamford, aged 58, Mrs. Ann Blades, of that place, better known by the familiar appellation of "Nan Roberts." She becomes entitled to a place in our obituary by the celebrity which she has many years acquired and maintained as *Empress of the Bullards* in Stamford. This proud title will scarce need explaining to persons resident in Lincolnshire, or within a moderate circuit round Stamford;—to our other readers, however, it may be necessary to say, that an annual festival is kept there on the 13th of November, when, the shops being shut, all business deferred, and the streets and every outlet from the town being stopped up, a mad bull is let loose to range all day, followed by thousands of intrepid "bullards," each anxious to distinguish himself by provoking the rage of the bull, and then eluding his butt. The heroine whose death we record was particularly instrumental in defeating an attempt of the magistrates some years ago to put an end to this strange violation of order, and she has ever since been had in high esteem by the bullards. On the day of the festival it has been her practice to be splendidly attired in blue, and visiting the houses of substantial people in the town, almost by house-row, she has often collected a handsome sum for her former services, and her continued zeal in the "glorious cause" of the commonalty!! Some of our readers will perhaps be disposed to exclaim with Hamlet, "something too much of this!" Indeed we should hardly have been led to say so much on such a subject, had not the deceased and her companions been ere this considered fit objects of panegyric within the walls even of the House of Commons!!

NORFOLK.

Crouds of Norwich citizens have every day for some time past been amused with seeing an extraordinary thistle in one of Mr. Robert Herring's fields at Bracondale. It is a very common one in this neighbourhood, the Carduas Nutans; but in growing with extraordinary luxuriance, has acquired such a variation in its form, size, and general appearance, as to be the subject of general conversation and wonderment. Its height is about five feet, and its stem, instead of being round, is flattened into a breadth of several inches, terminated by a broad bunch of compressed and imperfect red flowers. The cause of this is not difficult of explanation; many plants, and even branches of trees, under circumstances favorable to rapid growth, assume the same appearance of montrosity; this was particularly the case the last spring with many asparagus plants. In the present instance a lump of manure probably covered the spot where the thistle grew, and the extraordinary warmth and moisture of the beginning of May so much favoured a luxuriant growth, that ten or twelve stems sprang from the root, and in their rise, favoured by the same circumstances of heat and moisture, kept up the same luxuriance of growth, and coalesced together, forming one flat stem as before noticed, on which the vestiges of the different stems are to be traced; and this is farther confirmed by the flower at the top being divisible into the same number of parts as there are lines of stems below it.

The thermometer in the shade in the open air at Hartest, Suffolk, free from the reflection of the sun, was, on Tuesday, July 12, at half past two o'clock P.M. at 88; on Wednesday, at the same hour, 93; and on Thursday, at a quarter past two o'clock P.M. 97, which is supposed to be higher than ever known before in this country.

An equal degree of heat was experienced in Bury; and, exposed to the noon-day sun, the thermometer rose from 100 to 110 degrees.

Thetford Wool Fair, held on Sa-

turday last, was not so fully attended as in some previous years, and very little, if any, business was done. Mr. Coke presided as usual, and supported the chair with his customary spirit, and enlivening conversation. He offered his best wool at 60s. per tod, but no buyer came forward, nor did we hear of any purchases being made throughout the day. Among the company present at the George were noticed, the respectable Chairman; Sir William Rowley; Bernard Howard, esq.; General Hethersett; Messrs. Tharp, Mosely, Money Hill, Blyth, Sewell, Godfrey, Spencer, and a number of other distinguished agriculturists; to such of whom as were unknown to Mr. Coke, he very liberally availed himself of the opportunity to give them a pressing solicitation to his sheep-shearing at Holkham the ensuing year.

An alarming accident lately occurred at Thetford:—Mr. G.W. Marshall, clerk of the three parishes in that town, having occasion (in his situation of serjeant-major of the Thetford Volunteers) to assort some damaged cartridges, in doing which a spark from a hearth-brush, which had just been used in sweeping up the embers of a wood fire, and was procured by his son for the purpose of gathering up some scattered powder, accidentally communicated with a barrel of gunpowder standing near, which exploded, and blew up him and his youngest son a considerable distance. The workshop, in which they were, instantly took fire, and from its communication with the house and adjoining buildings, at first occasioned considerable alarm, but the flames were soon subdued, from the ready assistance afforded by all classes of the inhabitants. Poor Marshall and his boy languished till the following evening, when they died, in consequence of their having been most shockingly burnt and maimed. It is not unworthy of record, that this man had for a considerable period filled near 80 situations in the borough of Thetford, and his loss is much deplored there. The father was 40, and the son 11 years of age. The bodies of these unfortunate persons were interred in St. Mary's church-yard, Thetford, when the officers and whole volunteer corps attended them to the grave, with a great number of the principal inhabitants, and the largest assembly of persons ever witnessed there on such an occasion: after the funeral, Major Gill addressed the corps in a manly and impressive speech, pointing out to them, in the most feeling terms, the great loss they had sustained: when the non-commissioned officers and privates, to a man, participating in the same feelings, desired they might be permitted to add three days' pay to the subscription for the benefit of the widow and children.

The Corporation of Norwich have it in contemplation to apply to Parliament for an Act to enable them to erect a bridge over the river to communicate with Thorpe.

Died.] The Lady of the Rev. E. S. Thurlow, Prebendary of the Cathedral of Norwich. — At Sedgeford the Rev. Thos. Weatherhead, Vicar of that parish, and of Rougham and Easton, all in this county.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The Commemoration on June 28 and 29, was unusually splendid. Upwards of two thousand persons attended the Theatre on Tuesday, when the poems which obtained the annual prizes were recited. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Cleaver, of Christ-college, (son of the Bishop of Ferns) for a Latin poem entitled *Delphi*. The second prize was obtained for a copy of English verses, written by Mr. Rolleston, of University-college, who was also last year a successful candidate for poetic fame—and the last prize was given to Mr. Gray, a Bachelor of Oriel-college, for an admirable essay on the subject of "Hereditary Rank."

The Rev. Mr. Owen, one of the Chaplains of Christ Church College, lately put an end to his life, by shooting himself with a horse pistol. In the afternoon of Thursday he went to the shop of a Mr. Sikes, in the High-street, to purchase a pair of pistols, but he appeared in so agitated a state of mind, that Mr. Sikes refused to sell them to him, on which he left the shop, and went to some place where he borrowed the fatal instrument, which he told the person who lent it to him was to shoot at a mark with.

He was engaged as tutor to a young nobleman, and had ordered the chaise to be at the door on Friday morning to take him to town. He was a young man, about 26, of a most excellent character, and not the least embarrassed in his circumstances; therefore no cause can be given for this rash act.

SUFFOLK.

The heat from Tuesday the 12th to the 15th of July, as observed by an accurate thermometer in Dr. R. Hamilton's garden, has far exceeded the common standard of the season. On Tuesday, at a quarter past two, P.M. the thermometer was 90 degrees. On Wednesday, at the same hour, 93; and on Thursday, at one P.M. 99; at five P.M. same day, it had sunk to 93; and at eight P.M. to 80. On Friday, at five A.M. it was 65, with sky cloudy, threatening a sudden change. On a registering thermometer, near the Quay, it stood on Thursday at 97. On another, placed in the steeple at St. Peter's church, Ipswich, the column of air there was 91, and in a garden near it 92. In the marshes contiguous to the town it was only 87, which might be referred to a freer access of air, to evaporation from the river, or to the different hour in which the experiment was made. The subtile and fugitive nature of heat renders it liable to many and sudden alterations in a very short time. A freshening eddy in the current of the atmosphere is the most obvious, and sufficient to account for all the differences found here. To make a just estimate, however, of the heat of different days, or at different seasons, the instrument should be stationary. The heat at one P.M. on Thursday, was perhaps the greatest summer heat ever noticed in this eastern part of our island. Boerhaave concluded, that should the heat of the air ever equal the standard of human heat, which, from the imperfection of the thermometer in his time, he placed at 95, instead of 98 (the true standard), that man could not remain in existence. But this great philosopher in this was mistaken; for in the observations above it was exceeded by a degree. In the East Indies it is frequently at 108 within doors; yet man not only lives, but lives in health. This happy accommodation of his system to circumstances is brought about by the simple law of evaporation; for as the heat accumulates, it is carried off by a more copious perspiration, and the standard is preserved at the same point. Transport him again to the icy mountains of Greenland, and he will also live in health—for perspiration, now diminished in proportion to the cold around, suffers his heat to accumulate to its usual standard, at which it keeps it, as copious perspiration had before done in the torrid regions of the East.

The 2d, or Queen's, and 20th regiments, marched from Ipswich garrison to Landguard Fort, for embarkation, on Monday the 18th instant. Two men of the 2d, from the excessive heat of the weather, dropped down, and expired immediately. Several of the soldiers not being able to keep up with the regiments, did not arrive till it was too late to go on board the transports, and were obliged to remain on the beach the whole night, where one of them died. The two who dropped on the road were buried at Landguard Fort by a detachment of the Norfolk Militia on duty there.

Died.] Lately, aged 70, the Rev. Richard Waddington, M.A. rector of Cavendish, in this county—a gentleman greatly esteemed, and who is much lamented by his parishioners and friends. The living is in the gift of Jesus-college, Cambridge.

SUSSEX.

At a late meeting of the magistrates, for carrying into effect the Act for building a new Shire-hall at Lewes, the price of the land, &c. (the scite of the said intended Shire-hall) was agreed for; and it was resolved, that workmen, under the direction of Mr. Johnson the architect, should be immediately employed in pulling down the houses, preparatory to its erection, which is to be on a spacious, elegant, and very convenient plan.

At the above meeting, the plan and estimates for an intended alteration of Lewes bridge, so as to render it more safe for foot-passengers, were taken into consideration, when the said plan was agreed to be laid aside, and another, for making a more temporary, but equally safe passage, for persons

on foot, was adopted, and ordered to be carried into early execution.

Died.] At Brighton, the Countess of Bath. She had been some time indisposed: she was attended by Mrs. Case, the widow of her coachman, who died at Brighton a few weeks ago. It would almost appear that her ladyship had a presentiment of her approaching dissolution, from the following words which she uttered to Mrs. C. soon after taking some refreshment:—"Mary, I am better to-day—and I shall not give you much trouble to-morrow. But watch constantly by me to-day, Mary, for to me it will be a day of great consequence!" Until about two hours subsequently, however, no serious apprehensions were entertained on her ladyship's account; when, in walking across her room, her strength appeared gradually leaving her, and Mrs. C. in the end, with some difficulty and more alarm, supported her to her bed. This done, she rang the bell violently, and a servant was presently dispatched for medical assistance. Mr. Bond, the surgeon and apothecary that generally attended her Ladyship, soon after arrived; but the moment he beheld his suffering patient, he pronounced her to be in the agonies of death! Her ladyship survived his appearance but a very short time. Lady Bath was the only child of Sir William Pulteny, was possessed of larger estates, real and personal, than almost any individual in England. In consequence of her death without issue, her husband, Sir James Pulteny, succeeds, by her ladyship's will, to her personal estate. The Pulteny estate, except a small part which the Earl of Darlington succeeds to, descends to Sir Richard Sutton. The whole residue of her extensive property, consisting of her estates in Scotland, the American estate, together with the Weymouth estate, and Sir William's other acquisitions in different parts of England, descend to her cousin, Sir John Lowther Johnstone, her heir at law, and the representative of her father's family. Her ladyship has also left legacies to a number of private friends to a large amount.

WILTSHIRE.

An alarming fire broke out lately, at the house of Mr. Hasket, Lower Lodge Farm, which entirely consumed the same; and a little boy, five years of age, was lost in the conflagration. It was first discovered by a stage coachman, in a pigeon-loft contiguous to the dwelling, and such was the rapidity of the flames, that the house was destroyed in half a hour. It was occasioned by some dry wood taking fire over an oven, and it was with difficulty that any of the family escaped.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

An Act has passed this present Session of Parliament, to raise money to complete the Worcester and Birmingham Canal to Worcester, by creating an additional number of shares, at 40*l.* per share, which puts the subscribers on an equal footing with the original proprietors. It will pass through a very populous and manufacturing country, from Birmingham to deep water in the Severn below the bridge at Worcester; by which means Worcester, Glocester, and the other towns on the banks of the Severn below Worcester, will be supplied with coal of the best quality at a very reduced price.

It is confidently expected, that in two years the Kennet and Avon Canal will be accomplished, thereby making a direct water communication between Bristol, Bath, and the metropolis.

YORKSHIRE.

An interesting Question.—At a meeting of the Holderness Agricultural Society at Hedon, on the 13th ult. the following question was proposed for discussion:—

"As various kinds of birds, viz. rooks, pigeons, sparrows, &c. are denounced as mortal enemies to agriculturists, and their extermination is eagerly sought: Do not the benefits they bestow, by devouring insects, more than balance the injuries they commit by devouring corn? And would it not be to the advantage of the agriculturist to promote the increase of those birds, which destroy insects, but do not destroy corn, viz. lapwings, starlings, thrushes, &c.?" A gentleman of the Society, who has deservedly acquired considerable reputation in the agricultural world, for his well-contrived experiments as to

the most effectual mode of destroying the grub or larva of the Tipula, or *Tommy Long Legs*, detailed the result of a very curious experiment which he had instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the number of these insects which a nest of rooks may probably consume annually.—One of his servants was stationed a whole day, from one o'clock in the morning to eight at night, in the neighbourhood of a rookery, and kept an accurate account of the number of times which the old crows during that interval fed their young ones. The average result of his observations on five nests, was, that the old crows made seventy journies per day; and it having been ascertained by shooting one of them, just before its entry into the nest, that it had in the bag below its beak, 33 grubs, it follows, that supposing them to feed on these insects through the year, a family of rooks would in that time destroy 1,445,500 grubs. And supposing, which is a very moderate calculation, that each grub, previously to its assuming the winged state, destroys the herbage of four square inches, this number would destroy the herbage of three roods twenty-seven perches. Hence the ingenious contriver of this admirable experiment inferred the immense advantage which the farmer derives from this species of bird alone, without whose benignant service, added to those of its congeners, the toils of the agriculturist would be in vain. Another member of the society produced the crop of a pigeon shot lately, in which were not more than a few grains of wheat and a bean or two, its principal contents being the seeds of ketlocks, and other noxious weeds.—After an interesting discussion, the company agreed in the affirmative, on both parts of the question. Several specimens of prepared whalebone, which it is proposed to apply in the manufacture of sieves, riddles, and sheep-nets, were afterwards exhibited.

WALES.

The surprising improvements which have been made in North Wales, within these six years, by W. A. Maddocks, Esq. M.P. are brought forward to prove how greatly proprietors in that part of the kingdom may increase their rents, and at the same time better the condition of the poor. In addition to the roads already completed under this gentleman's inspection, the improvements now going on at Tre-Madoc, are—1. *A Harbour* on the south-east boundary of the estate: viz. *Ynys-Cougor.*—2. *A Canal from this Harbour to the town of Tre-Madoc*, finished.—3. *The Town of Tre-Madoc.* This, when finished, will contain one street of a mile in length, and several cross streets, of a quarter of a mile each; besides three squares. There are already built a market-place, and elegant market-house; a large church, two excellent inns, and upwards of a hundred houses. A weekly market is established, with annual fair, and races. The houses are all built of grey granite, and covered with blue slate. The ground it stands on, with some hundreds of acres adjoining, was gained from the sea by the embanking in 1800.—4. *Embanking eight years ago* 1800 *acres* of land from the sea; the greater part of which lets from 30 to 40 shillings per acre.—5. *Another Embankment is begun*, of shorelands, contiguous, that will gain 3,500 acres of equal value, which, when finished, will be the noblest thing of the kind hitherto undertaken in Britain. An iron rail-way will be placed on the top of the embankment, which will connect the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon, before separated by this oozy inlet of the sea. On this great undertaking at Tre-Madoc, Mr. Lowdon was consulted.—6. *Irrigating and flooding a large proportion of the land gained from the sea.*—7. *Planting several hundreds of acres* of rocky spots and mountainous steeps; a work annually proceeding. So rapid has been the growth of these plantations, that the parts first planted are already worth from 60l. to 100l. an acre.—8. A large nursery is established near the town, and considerable tracts of mountain are every year inclosed, and covered with larch. The scarcity of wood in this part of Wales, and the importance of Ynys-Cougor harbour, will render such plantations of great value in a very few years.—9. *Establishing a complete Woollen Manufactory* on the estate, and in the town an improved tan-work in which the tormentil is used.—10. To these may be added, the building of an elegant villa, in a

style, the simplicity of which corresponds with the nature of the scenery around it. The disposition also of the extensive grounds; the views from and round which for several miles, are among the most singular and romantic in Wales.

These public improvements are widely felt by the adjoining counties, and when the harbour and new roads are finished (for which Mr. M. has obtained separate acts of parliament) the influx of wealth into this part of North Wales, will totally alter the condition of its inhabitants.

Mr. M. has also built several adjacent villas, for the accommodation of his particular friends; thus uniting the high pleasures of a select society, to the rural quiet, and agricultural comforts of the country.

In addition to these buildings, he is, in many parts of the estate, erecting comfortable cottages, with a due apportionment of land, which is as sound policy as it is real humanity.

SCOTLAND.

A theatre is to be erected at Dundee, for which 4,000l. has been subscribed, and of which Mr. Rock is to be the lessee and manager. There is also, we understand, to be a theatre built at Perth. We are happy to see those traits of liberal sentiment in Scotland, where, at no distant period, theatrical amusements were almost proscribed, and the theatre of Edinburgh, then the only one in that part of the United Kingdom, anathematised by the puritanical Presbyterians as the *Devil's house*, and where, if a clergyman dared to set his foot, to see the most moral performances, he was liable to deprivation. It is well known that Mr. Home, the author of *Douglas*, of which the clergy and people of Scotland are now proud, not only lost his living himself, but such of his brother clergymen, who were so *impious* as to go and see the performance, were subjected to deprivation, or other punishments of the Scotish church.

We are truly sorry to understand that the lower classes of the inhabitants of the west coast of Inverness and Ross shires, and in many parts of the Hebrides, are in a state of very great distress from the want of provisions. Until very lately, a few humane and spirited individuals, acquainted with the circumstances of the people, supplied them with meal on credit, until a demand should arise for their black cattle, the only commodity they have to dispose of: but their supplies being exhausted, and a necessary regard for their own security having rendered it advisable for them not to extend their credit any further, all the evils of want are likely to be experienced, although some cargoes of meal have been lately sent with the best intentions. Unfortunately, however, it will not be given out without cash, and the country being entirely drained of money, the miserable inhabitants may be doomed to starve in the midst of plenty.

Died.] At Perth, Thomas Marshall, Esq. provost of that city, where his name will long be remembered with affection and gratitude. His illness was originally occasioned by one of those magnanimous actions that marked his character—seeing from a window that overlooks the river Tay, a man struggling in the stream for life, he ran across the bridge, and suddenly plunged into the water to save him. The extraordinary exertion proved fatal to himself, and brought upon him the complaint which ended only with his life. To his private virtues were added great activity and public spirit. His native town has been improved, ornamented, and extended in an astonishing manner under his auspices; and the situation on which stand the public seminaries is his gift. His death is regarded by the inhabitants as a public loss—on the day of his funeral all the shops were shut up, and ten thousand people followed him to the grave; amongst whom his Grace the Duke of Athol condescended to confer upon him this mark of attention.

IRELAND.

Died.] At Glunculien, near Kilternan, county of Dublin, aged 109 years, three months, and seventeen days, Valentine Walsh, farmer. This venerable patriarch enjoyed perfect health until within a few days of his death; was a keen sportsman, and a constant companion of the famous Johnny Adair, of Kilternan. He was a jolly companion, much attached to his native whiskey, of which he drank regularly two quarts every day in grog

until a week before his death. His funeral was attended by above 500 persons from the neighbouring villages.

Bernard Shaw, Esq. late collector of Cork. This event took place under the following most distressing circumstances:—Mr. Shaw had been unwell for some time previous, and on that morning had gone from his country residence, at Monkstown, into Cork, to consult his physician: on his return, for the benefit of the air, he rode on the barouche-seat, but the carriage had proceeded but a short way, when he desired the coachman to stop, exclaiming, that he found a pain starting from his back to his heart! He was immediately removed into the carriage, and expired almost instantaneously, in the arms of Mrs. Shaw.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JUNE 21, to JULY 23, 1808, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]—*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

ALLCOTT W. Gosport, haberdasher, (Tarrant and Co. Chancery-lane). Andrews G. Mark-lane, ship-broker, (Healing, Lawrence-lane).

Bloom D. Trowse Milgate, Norwich, merchant, (Forster and Co. Norwich.) Bell R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper, (Clennell, Staple-Inn). Bradbury W. Dolefield, clothier, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Best B. Great St. Helen's, tailor, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street). Ball W. C. Woolverhampton, baker, (Williams, Staple-Inn). Birch J. and Robinson R. Broughton-Lodge, Lancaster, cotton-spinners, (Milne and Co. Temple).

Calvert W. Maryport, Cumberland, mercer, (Falcon, Elm-court). Cass J. Scarborough, cabinet-maker, (Bousfield, Bouverie street). M'Clellan W. Preston, linen-draper, (Blakelock and Co. Temple). Corton T. Hackney, insurance-broker, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street). Cawley A. Milton, Derby, grocer, (Huxley, Pump-court). Chandler N. Fleet-market, butcher, (Fletcher, Took's-court). Coghlan J. Liverpool, victualler, (Windle, John-street). Calvert T. Lancaster, grocer, (Hurd, Temple). Crofts J. Great Trill, Axminster, Devon, horse-dealer, (Stokes, Golden-square).

Danvers J. Woolwich, surgeon, (Lansdown, Inner Temple-lane). Doyle T. Threadneedle-street, mariner, (Dawes, Angel-court). Dovey J. Hereford, wine-merchant, (Chilton, Chancery lane). Delahoyde C. Haymarket, rectifying distiller, (Humphries, Clement's-Inn). Davey J. Curtain-road, carpenter, (Bond, East India Chambers). Dryer B. Exeter, floor-cloth manufacturer, (Williams and Co. Prince's-street, Bedford-row). Davis N. Paddington, dealer and chapman, (Keys, Somerset-place). Davies E. Cloth-fair, woollen-draper, (Pullen, Fore-street). Davis S. Ilford, shopkeeper, (Day and Co. Cullum-street).

Elam J. Brighthelmstone, carpenter, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street).

Francis T. Francis G. and Francis T. jun. Cambridge, merchants. (Goodwyn, King's-Lynn, Norfolk). Frankland F. Bow-lane, warehouseman, (Lee, Three Crown-court). Fricker R. Portsea, builder, (Tarrant and Co. Chancery-lane).

Goodenough W. Hampstead-road, (Henson, Dorset-street). Gilbert W. Portsea, cabinet-maker, (Sandys and Co. Crane-court). Green R. Bishopsgate street, jeweller, (Spurr, Holborn-court). Grey R. Portsea, builder, (Naylor, Great New-str.). Gill B. Manchester, draper, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Gurney C. Liverpool, confectioner, (Windle, John-street). Gatty J. Oxford-street, ironmonger, (Edison, Cooper's hall). Gate J. Fleet-street, pastry-cook, (Matthews and Co. Castle street). Green W. Vauxhall, dealer and chapman, (Haydon, Great Trinity-lane).

Huthwaite W. Nottingham, mercer, (Bleasdale and Co. New Inn). Harrison L. Wavertree, near Liverpool, joiner, (Windle, John-street). Hobson W. Stockport, grocer, (Edmonds, Exchequer Office of Pleas). Harmer S. Aldborough, innkeeper, (Debary and Co. Tanfield's court). Holehouse A. Union-street, Shadwell, sugar-refiner, (Gatty and Co. Angel-court). Ham W. and Aust W. Cow Cross-street, brass founders, (Ellison and Co. White Hart Court). Harris J. Aberdare, Glamorgan, builder, (Hulme, Brunswick-square). Hullah R. A. Moorfields, auctioneer, (Trickey, Howland-street). Henry H. Liverpool, tailor, (Windle, John-str.).

Jones H. Northwich, draper, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Joel M. High-street, dealer in glass, (Wilson, King's-Bench-Walks). Jacob S. Portsea, slopseller, (Isaacs, Great George street).

King G. King's-place, Newington, Surrey, builder, (Maddock and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Kerrison T. A. Norwich, banker, (Windus and Co. Chancery-lane).

Levy S. Little Paternoster-row, furniture-broker, (Isaacs, Mitre-court). Lee T. Liverpool, innkeeper, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Ledwell R. Cleveland-street, cowkeeper, (Freame, Great Queen-street). Leet M. Little Russell-street, vintner, (Beckett, Broad-street). Lovell J. Hounsditch, baker, (Parnther and Co. London-street).

May J. Dedham, Essex, maltster, (Denton and Co. Field-court, Gray's-Inn). Mulliner J Birmingham, mealman, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn-square). Mason E. Great Swan alley, carpenter, (Palmer and Co Copthall-court). Mainwaring W. Liverpool, tailor, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Meeker W. P. Basinghall-street, merchant, (Walton, Girdler's-Hall, Basinghall-street). Newcomb G. Bath, jeweller, (Hurst, Lad-lane.)

Orchard G. otherwise G. T. Copenhagen-house, victualler, (Loxley, Cheapside). Oliver H. B. Brampton, Cumberland, cotton manufacturer, (Mounsey, Staple-Inn).

Peacock R. Turnmill-street, currier, (Vandercom and Co. Bush-lane). Pugh W. Machynlleth, Montgomery, shopkeeper, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Phillips J Printer's-street, dealer in glass, (Henson, Dorset-street). Popplewell J. Kingston-upon-Hull, auctioneer, (Exley and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Parker G. Chenies-street, British wine-maker, (Druce, Billiter-square). Parr R. Watling-street, haberdasher, (Fisher, Bread-street).

Ryley G Salford, builder, (Milne and Co. Temple).

Satterthwaite T. Kendal, tanner, (Jackson, Garden-court). Salter T. Trinity-square, broker, (Crowder and Co Frederick's-place). Stokoe G. Sun-street, plane-maker, (Aubrey, Took's-court). Sanders S. Abchurch-lane, vintner, (Druce, Billiter-square). Shenston T. Market Bosworth, draper, (Beridge, Wood-street). Secretan J J. Winchester-street, insurance-broker, (Pearce and Co. Paternoster-row). Sanders J. Canterbury, merchant, (Mayor, Brook-street). Swallow R. Attercliffe-Forge, Sheffield, ironmaster, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Stretton W. Wadenhoe, Northampton, butcher, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Shee J. Bloomsbury-square, wine-merchant, (Hughes, Bear-yard, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields). Stanham R. North Witham, Lincoln, beast-jobber, (Wishaw, Lamb's Conduit-street). Stinchcombe J. Bristol, cabinet-maker, (Sweet, Inner Temple)

Tonge C. Liverpool, ale and porter-dealer, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Thornber J. Colne, Lancaster, calico-manufacturer, (Laycock, Sion-gardens, Aldermanbury).

Ushaw W. Beverley, corn-merchant, (Lambert, Hatton-Garden).

Wilson R. Liverpool, farrier, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Williamson W. Gringley on the Hill, Nottingham, comfactor, (Lowndes and Co. Red Lion-square). White W. Blackfriar's-road, white lead manufacturer, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Williams J. Aldersgate-str. victualler, (Templer, Bur-street). Wilson J. and Sallows J. Oxford-street, leather-sellers, (Peacock, Lincoln's-Inn-fields). Watkins J. Chepstow, draper, (James, Gray's-Inn). Whitehead J. Manchester, cordwainer, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Wood J. Lindfield, victualler, (Wild, jun. Castle-street).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

July 22, 1808.

London Dock Stock, 116*l.* per Cent.
East-India ditto, 113*l.* ditto.
West-India ditto, 151*l.* ditto.
Commercial Dock Shares, 127*l.* ditto.
Grand Junction Canal, 118*l.* per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 60*l.* ditto.
Imperial Fire Insurance, 8*l.* per cent. prem.
Globe Fire and Life ditto, 116*l.* per cent.
Albion ditto ditto, 2*l.* per cent. prem.
Hope ditto ditto, 21*s.* per Share prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 5*s.* ditto.
East London Water-works, 50*l.* prem.
West Middlesex ditto, 18*l.* ditto
South London ditto, 45*l.* ditto.
London Institution, 84*gs.* per share

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE hay harvest, which is nearly got in, has this year, generally speaking, been rather deficient in quantity than quality. The burden of aftermath is not likely to be very great, unless it should be late in the autumn. The hay harvest in the

north, where the cold blighting weather in the spring was most felt, and the roots of the grass most nipped and impoverished, may be proportionably defective. But, as dry springs and summers agree better with the wheat than any other crop, this is likely to be most plentiful, and much of it of the finest quality. No vast quantity of smutted or discoloured wheat is to be apprehended this year, as the prevalence of blighting winds has been but of short duration. The wheat harvest, unless prevented by the continuance of the heavy rains, will commence in a few days in the forward districts. The late fall of rain will be favourable for the potatoes, and which may also prolong the turnip crop, that began to be considerably in want of it. Hops do not promise so well as expected. Fruit, in general, is abundant, and of excellent quality.

Lean stock remains without much variation; but during the late hot weather, the markets in town and country have been but sparingly supplied with fat stock. The wool markets in the west, owing to the want of exportation, uncommonly dull.

Beef, in Smithfield market, 4s. to 5s; mutton, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.; veal, 4s. 8d. to 6s. 4d; pork, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.; lamb, 5s. to 6s. 8d.

Middlesex, July 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended July 16, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	85	5			45	5	45	0
Surrey	84	4	50	0	49	0	44	0
Hertford	76	6	43	0	45	6	40	10
Bedford	75	10	57	2	48	0	46	3
Huntin	77	8			45	6	42	2
Northa.	78	2	47	0	41	6	42	0
Rutland	83	9			49	0		
Leicest.	79	10			43	3	38	9
Notting.	84	0	54	0	46	0	40	0
Derby	84	4			43	0	38	6
Stafford	85	4			47	10	38	8
Salop	85	0	58	10	51	6	36	8
Herefor	78	0	41	6	34	10	34	1
Wor'st.	82	2			39	4	41	1
Warwic	86	2			49	6	45	6
Wilts	74	2			40	2	43	0
Berks	82	5			43	1	43	6
Oxford	78	8			41	11	40	0
Bucks	79	0			49	0	47	6
Brecon	80	0	54	4	41	7	26	8
Montgo.	90	9			39	2	36	10
Radnor.	80	4			37	8	31	2

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	78	0	50	0	46	0	43	6
Kent	80	9			46	0	44	3
Sussex	75	4					44	6
Suffolk	76	8			42	5	40	10
Cambridge	77	8			42	0	42	10
Norfolk	77	1			44	0	36	6
Lincoln	83	4	62	0	47	10	39	7
York	77	5	61	4			38	3
Durham	87	6			48	0	38	9
Northumberland	80	1	63	5	56	0	45	11
Cumberland	94	11	67	4	50	7	44	0
Westmorland	99	7	74	0	46	2	40	5
Lancaster	89	4			46	10	38	2
Chester	80	0					38	10
Flint	89	6			53	5		
Denbigh	86	8			51	2	36	9
Anglesea								
Carnarvon	83	0			42	4	31	4
Merioneth	86	1			44	0	29	8
Cardigan	81	4			38	0	28	0
Pembroke	68	10			43	3	32	0
Carmarthen	87	0			44	0	29	8
Glamorgan	83	9			38	0	30	0
Gloucester	77	5			37	4	43	7
Somerset	77	8					36	2
Monmouth	79	11						
Devon	80	5			34	9		
Cornwall	77	5			41	1	32	0
Dorset	74	0			40	0	38	0
Hants	76	2			40	1	39	8

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 81s. 6d.; Rye 55s. 11d.; Barley 44s. 3d.; Oats 38s. 10d.; Beans 63s. 10d.; Pease 65s. 9d.; Oatmeal 52s. 8d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from JUNE 22, to JULY 26, 1808.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	886	1740	Males,	747	1494
Females	854		Females	747	
Whereof have died under two years old					421

Between					
2 and 5	202	60 and 70	104		
5 and 10	54	70 and 80	74		
10 and 20	50	80 and 90	54		
20 and 30	99	90 and 100	6		
30 and 40	132				
40 and 50	179				
50 and 60	195				

Peck Loaf,	4s. 1d.	4s. 1d.	4s. 1d.	4s. 1d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.	[4s. 1d.			

PRICE OF STOCKS, from JUNE 25, 1808, to JULY 25, 1808, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent Consols.	3 p Cent. Reduc	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent	N. 5 p.Ct	Long Anns.	4 p. Ct. Scrip	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	Indu Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
June																			
25		Shut	68	85⅞	Shut		18 11-16ths	2	67	7 11-16th	96½		Shut	Shut	Shut	1s. pm.	6s. pm.	21	69⅛ ¼
27		Do.	68⅜	84¼	Do.		18¾	2¼					Do.	Do.	Do.	1s pm.	6s. pm.	21	69⅜ ⅛
28	240½	Do.	68¼	84¼	Do.		18 11-16ths	2¼	67¼				Do.	Do.	Do.	Par.	6s. pm	21	69⅜ ⅛
29	holiday																		
30		Shut	68⅜	84⅜	Do.		18 11-16ths	2½	67⅜	7 11-16th			Do.	Do.	Do.	1s. dis	6s. pm	21	69½ ⅞
July																			
1	241	Do.	68⅜	84⅜	Do.		18 11-16ths	3	67¼				Do.	Do.	Do.	2s. dis.	3s. pm.	21	10 69½-70½
2		Do.	69⅛	85	Do.		18⅞	3⅛		7 11-16th			Do.	Do.	Do.	1s. dis	1s. pm	21	10 70¼ ⅝
4		Do.	69⅛	85	Do.		18⅞	3⅛					Do.	Do.	Do.	2s. dis.	3s. pm.	21	10 70¼ ⅝
5		Do.	69⅛	85	Do.		18⅞	3⅛	68				Do.	Do.	Do.	Par.	6s. pm	22	6 70⅜ ½
6		68⅜ ⅛	69⅛	85⅜	98½		18⅞	3⅛	67⅞				Do.	Do.	Do.	1s. pm	6s. pm	22	6 70⅜ ½
7	243	68⅛ ⅜	69⅛	85⅛	98⅞		18⅞	3⅛		¾			Do.	Do.	Do	2s pm	6s. pm	22	6 70¼ ⅝
8	242½	68⅜ ⅛	69⅜	85⅞	99½		18 15-16ths	3½			98¼		Do.	Do.	184¾	6s. pm	6s. pm	22	6 70⅜ ½
9		68⅛ 69	69⅜	86	99⅜		19	3¾	68¼	¾	98½		Do.	Do.		6s pm.	6s. pm	22	6 70½ ⅜
11		68⅛ ⅞	69½	86	99¾		18 15-16ths	3¾					Do.	Do.	186½	6s. pm	7s pm.	22	6 70½ ⅜
12	243	68⅛ ¼	69½	85⅞	99½		18 15-16ths	3¾		7 13-16th			Do.	Do.	187⅛	6s. pm	8s. pm	22	6 70⅜ ½
13		68⅛ ¼	69½	85¾	99⅜		18 15-16ths	3	68⅛	¾			Do.	Do.		6s. pm.	8s. pm	22	6 70 ⅜
14		68⅛ ¼	69⅜	85⅞	99½		19	3¼	68⅛	¾			Do.	Do.	186½	6s. pm	8s. pm	22	6 70¼ ⅜
15		68⅛ ¼	69⅜	85⅞	99⅜		19	3¼	68⅜				Do.	Do.		6s. pm	7s. pm	22	6 70¼ ⅜
16		68⅛ ¼	69⅜	85⅞	99½		19 1-16th	3¼		7 13-16th			Do.	Do.		6s. pm	7s. pm.	22	6 70¼ ⅜
18		68⅛ ¼	69⅜	85½	99½		19 1-16th	3	68¼	7 13-16th				Do.		6s. pm	7s. pm.	22	6 70¼ ⅜
19	243½	68½ ¼	69⅜	85⅜	99½		19 1-16th	3		¾					185½	6s. pm	7s. pm	22	6 70¼ ⅜
20	243½	68⅞ ⅜	69½	85½	99⅜		19 1-16th	3	68⅜						185¾	6s pm	7s. pm	22	6 69⅞ 70⅜
21	243½	68⅛ ⅜	68⅞	85⅜	99½		18 15-16ths	2¾		¾					185¾	6s. pm	6s. pm	22	6 68⅞ ⅞
22	243	68⅛ ⅜	69	85⅜	99½		19	3	68							6s. pm.	6s. pm.	22	6 68⅝ 69¼
23		68⅛ ⅜	69⅛	85⅛	99¼		19 1-16th	3							185½	6s. pm.	8s. pm.	22	6 69¼ ⅛
25	holiday																		

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.